

THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

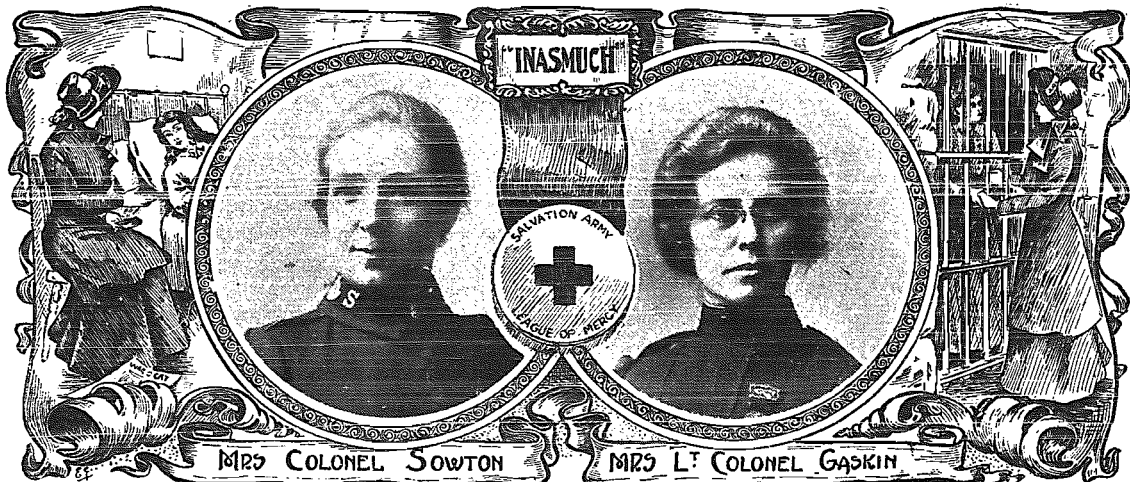
24th Year. No. 16.

WILLIAM BOOTH
General

TORONTO, JANUARY 18, 1908.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME; I WAS IN PRISON AND YE CAME UNTO ME."



CUTLETS FROM CONTEMPORARIES

MORAL EFFECTS OF SWEATING.

By Mrs. Bramwell Booth.

My observations would lead me to the following, among other conclusions:-

1. The system of which we are speaking is destructive of all faith in and love for justice—that fundamental of all true humanity. The victims of this evil gradually become like those who take advantage of them—sweater and sweated alike, believe that necessity knows no law; that force is the greatest thing in human life, greater than right; that it has been finally settled that it is of absolutely no avail to attempt to do what you ought; that you must just do what you can. It is the atrophy of the moral instinct.

2. The sweated workers cease to cultivate or consider, or indeed, even regard to any appreciable degree, their own moral nature. It is evidently of so little importance in the eyes of others, that it assumes still less in their own! They gradually decline from faith in God and goodness, from devotion to honesty and truth, from the love of what is pure and wholesome, to the level on which all things are neglected. They become, in short, chattels, mere implements, like the sewing-machines or coal shovels which they use, for the purpose of providing a maximum amount of effort to return for a minimum of food. —The Deliverer.

SALUTED BY SOLDIERS.

Russian Soldiers in Finland.

We were billeted just inside an old fortress, where the Russians have an important barracks. It is not likely that they had previously seen representatives of the Anglo-Saxon race at such close range. At any rate, we seemed to be interesting individuals to them, and with intense curiosity they stared at the strange lettering on the bands of our caps. At times they seemed to think that we were military officers, for they knocked their heels together and answered our salute as imposingly as if we had been Russian Officers. One cannot but be impressed with the Russian military system, and the strict compliance of the soldiers to discipline.

When we have once visited a Russian religious service and heard the wonderful singing of the choir, you will always be anxious, when the opportunity presents itself, to go again. And aside from the singing, you cannot but be impressed with the reverence and sincerity of the Russian soldiers, who almost entirely comprise the audience at a Russian service in Finland.—American Cry.

GOD'S MARRON GRASS.

One Thing I Do.

And then I looked again at my little blade of marron-grass. It seemed worthy of closer consideration now that I knew what it could accomplish,

but for all that, it was a very ordinary plain little bit of rough green. Not fine and soft like the young wheat, not shaded like the grass; it had no special flower, they told me, no seed, no use for decoration; not useful, like the rush, for basket work, nor for fodder; for even cattle would not eat it. It seemed, as I held and looked at it, as if it said, "This one thing I do—I stand between the sea and land—separate from either yet uniting both. I always live on my sand-hills. I was made for them, and I never creep down to the corn-fields, nor try the richer soil of the pasture-lands. Wind-swept, spray-drenched—I keep just the same all the year round. Whenever the wind drives up the blinding sand, I am ready for it, and while I keep it sand, yet I transform it from a curse to a blessing, and make of it a shelter from the winds and waves. I keep the church tower, too, but for me, it would have fallen under the waves before now, but my sand-banks protect and shelter it."—The Victory.

IRREGULAR MUSICAL THOUGHTS.

By Commissioner Nicol.

During the Welsh Revival, I was suddenly awakened, about five o'clock one morning, by the sound of what at first impressed me as a Heavenly Choir. I jumped out of bed, rushed to the window, and by the aid of the reflection of the stars on the mountain and the light of the setting moon, I discerned a band of miners ascending the valley. I shall never forget the effect on me. Swinging their pit lamps, they were singing in their full, rich, resonant voices:-

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!"

Every fibre of my being thrilled under the influence of what I saw and heard. And all of us feel, at times, and in varying circumstances, to a greater or lesser degree, this same mysterious touch, when our ears ring with the sound of thrilling music and song. Indeed, we are ourselves very wonderful musical instruments. Our emotional nature is the keyboard of the soul. The circumstances or events of our lives are the music-sheets. Our ego is the pianist. Our audience are the people who fill the little worlds which we live, labour, and die. They are like all other audiences—sometimes kindly, often critical. They applaud us when we do well—they turn the ungrateful, indifferent ear to us if we fail.

We produce discords as well as accords. We blur our work, make ships, lose heart, and are in ways attentive and obedient to the guidance of our Leader. As a rule, our music is more mournful than merry—which is only another way of saying that there are few really happy people in the world. You cannot pipe exhilarating music if your musical even-sheets are marked "Sickness," "Trial," "Sorrow," and "Bereavement." There are often vain attempts to produce the gay, because the players are not good.—Handyman and Songster.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.

This week we ask our readers to think of, assist, and pray for the work among the Young People who come within the radius of The Army's influence.

The following facts concerning the general orders which control the management of this work, will be of interest to our readers. The work among the children and Young People is one of the most important branches of endeavour, and is now very systematically organised throughout the many lands where the Flag of the tricolour flies.

The Aim and Object.

1. The Salvation Army Work among Young People has for its aim and object the teaching and training of the Young, with a view to their ultimately becoming Soldiers and Off-

A HUMAN TRAGEDY.

"While returning from my business one evening, I met the gentleman through whose actions I was to lose all I held most dear.

"Being of a refined disposition and considered good-looking, I drew his attention. He became apparently fascinated by me. He took me about to all the places of amusement with him. Then, suddenly, he was called away to London. A week or so later I met him again, and a regular weekly correspondence followed.

"Not long afterwards he visited our town again, towards Christmas time. Then he left me again. For six months we wrote to one another as though we were engaged to be married.

"Next June he came again and lavished many beautiful presents upon me and took me everywhere for enjoyment. But one night, instead of driving me to a theatre as usual, he took me to a gay house. Needless to say, I came out a ruined woman. I was but eighteen years old, he was past thirty. A few days after he returned to London again, but still wrote me every week. In my despair I wrote and told him it was impossible for me to remain at home, I could not face the disgrace there. Then he sent me money. I left home and went to him. He took rooms for me close to Baker Street until after my trouble was over. Then one day I received a letter from him with money in it, telling me to return home to my friends, and take up with the work I did before he knew me. But I did not. Needless to say, having gone so far, I went from bad to worse, but God spoke to me through a Salvationist. I was rescued from Pica-dilly, passed through one of Mrs. Booth's Homes, then sent to a situation—was in it three years.

"I returned home to my friends, a changed woman, and twelve months after was married under The Army Flag, and have been a happy wife more than seven years!"—Social Gaze-ette.

CAN YOU SAVE US?

An Atlantic Incident.

It was Winter on the Atlantic. The night was cold and dark. The man on the bridge had just sounded the hour of midnight. The sky was starless. A strong gale had just spent itself. The ocean was rough, and the good ship, "St. Louis," was facing a heavy sea.

"Most of the passengers were asleep. The man on the outlook was at his post. The sailor was on the bridge, and the officers were on the deck, and all were looking out into the blackness, when all of a sudden a light—a strange light; a signal; a strange signal appeared in the distance. What can it be? What can it mean? They look again. The light is still there, and the signal is still in sight. By this time the Captain has been called, and has taken his place on the bridge. He consults with his men. They peer through the strongest glass they can find.

cers of The Salvation Army. To this end every possible effort must be made to secure the early conversion of all children who are under our influence and authority, or who attend any of our meetings.

2. The result by which the success of all Young People's Work will be People who are truly converted to God, well instructed in the Scriptures, and thoroughly taught in the principles and practices of The Army.

The Band of Love.

1. The Band of Love is composed of children, saved and unsaved, who are united together to observe the following pledge:-

"I promise by the help of God, not to drink any intoxicating liquor. I will not smoke tobacco, nor swear, nor steal, nor gamble. I will try to love all, and be kind

"It is a wreck," whispers one. "No, no, no. I trust not," answers the others. But alas! it was only too true.

The good ship "St. Louis" has now altered her course. She is running full steam ahead, and right in the direction of the lights.

The signal is now much clearer, and the Captain reads out through the darkness:-

"Can You Save Us?"

And much quicker than I can write or you can read, the answer was flashed back again:-

"We Will Try."

The engines of the "St. Louis" stop. Willing hands are busy everywhere. The life-boats are lowered, and away they pull towards the vessel in distress.

After a hard struggle she is reached. The roughness of the water makes the work of rescue difficult. But what care the men for this? They have forgotten the storm, and risk, and the danger. All they think about now, is how they can rescue the men, women, and children.

They fought in a gallant fashion, for in less than three hours, 310 souls had been transferred from the wreck of the S.S. "Voendam" to the warm, snug cabins of the S.S. "St. Louis."—Col. Lawley, in British Youth Soldier.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

And Stronger Than Ever.

It was during the closing days of 1887 that the first Army Officers arrived in Jamaica, and in January, 1888, the first number of the West Indian War Cry was published. It was printed in Kingston, by Mr. De Souza, at the corner of Church Street and Water Lane (now destroyed by the earthquake); and, as the first sheets came off the press, Brother Edward Bennett (who is still with us) took some, ran across the road to Mr. John Cassis, a shoemaker, and sell him a first copy. The price then was threepence.

Since that first copy was sold, the War Cry has seen many changes, and passed through many vicissitudes; at times the publication has been delayed, at others suspended; but it has survived through all, and its position to-day—twenty years after—is stronger than ever.—Jamaican War Cry.

Seeking the Refuge.

A story is told of a man who dreams that he is out in a field in a fierce storm.

He seeks a refuge; knocks at a gate over which "Holiness" is written, but none save the holy can be admitted, and he is not holy. He seeks another, but "Truth" is inscribed above it, and he is not fit to enter. At last, when almost in despair, he sees a light shining, and hastens towards it. The door stands wide open—it is the house of Mercy, and he finds refuge there.

God knows our frailty, and could send us to us as we yield to Him.

The Praying League

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

Special topic:—Pray that the Band of Love may prove a real blessing and inspiration to the little ones.

Sunday, Jan. 19.—The Lord's Ending. Isaiah iv. 1-17.
Monday, Jan. 20.—Salvation is Free. Isaiah iv. 1-13.
Tuesday, Jan. 21.—God's Dwelling Place. Isaiah xvi. 1-8; xlvii. 1-21.
Wednesday, January 22.—Right Kind of Fast. Isaiah xlvii. 1-12.
Thursday, Jan. 23.—Only Barrier. Isaiah lix. 1-20.
Friday, Jan. 24.—Age of Righteousness. Isaiah ix. 1-21.
Saturday, Jan. 25.—Messiah's Commission. Isaiah lxi. 1-11; lxii. 1-12.

to animals, and I will strive to speak the truth, and offer a prayer to God morning and evening every day."

2. The object of the Band of Love, while influencing the children to lead a better life, and to animals, is to attract them to the meetings of The Salvation Army, and to lead them to God.

1. The Juniors' Sergeant-Major and Band of Love Leader are responsible for urging the children of Soldiers and attenders under sixteen years of age as well as all children who attend the Young People's meetings, to join the Band of Love.

2. Each child desirous of joining the Band of Love must sign the Band of Love Pledge.

Use your faith, ride the waves of the storms come.

THE LEAGUE OF MERCY.

An Interesting Article that Describes the Aims and Accomplishments of The Salvation Army in Jails, Hospitals and Poor Houses, in which is Related Some Striking Examples of what the Grace of God can Accomplish Through the Earnest Endeavours of Lovers of God and Suffering Humanity.

THE Salvation Army League of Mercy is a combination of Elizabeth Fry and a Florence Nightingale. She is more, for although she takes as her motto, "I was sick and ye visited me," I was in prison and ye came unto me," yet, besmirched womanhood the girl who is morally sick, also comes in for a share of her ministrations. She is, therefore, tinctured with the spirit of a Florence Booth.

Some facts concerning the League of Mercy may be of interest to our readers, for, in an unostentatious manner, this work, under the direction of Mrs. Commissioner Coombs, has been doing excellent service.

The object of the League, is to visit jails, prisons, poorhouses, hospitals, and any other public institution, where admission for this purpose can be obtained.

League Leaders.

The League is composed of Women Salvationists, who are connected with many of the principal Corps in the country. The work outside the city of Toronto, is under the direct supervision of Mrs. Colonel Sowton, who has excellent assistants in Mrs. Lieut. Colonel Sharp, and Mrs. Brigadier Hargrave, and other leading Officers. In a chat we had with Mrs. Sowton, concerning the methods of, and results that attend the efforts of the Mercy League, she informed us that the great objects the Leaguers kept before them was to comfort the down-cast and sick; to render what temporal or social assistance they could, and put forth every effort to lead souls to Christ.

In order to accomplish this, on visiting days, they visited the hospitals, and Home for Incurables, and where desired, they conducted bright little Salvation services; singing to the inmates, the hymns they loved the best, declaring unto them that the dealings of God were to work out their highest good, and Whom He loved He chastened, until their hearts were brought into unison with His will. In this way, bringing cheer and hope to those whose sufferings were calculated to make them despondent.

Cheering the Downcast.

"Then, again," said Mrs. Sowton, "we talk to them personally, and pray with them individually. In this way we bring great comfort to them, and have been the means of leading many to look to Him who had torn that He might heal, and who has snitten that He might bind up, and who has promised that He will raise us up, that we might live before Him."

"I must not forget to mention that in nearly every case we distribute a considerable number of War Crys, which are very much appreciated and looked for by the inmates.

"In the prisons we do pretty much the same with the unfortunates, only with this class, we are enabled to do more for them on their release, in the way of continuing the work begun.

Social Relief Work.

"It should not be understood, however, that we confine our efforts to public institutions. We do not. We visit the sick in their homes, and during this Winter, shall afford considerable social relief to families that are distressed. For you know, no matter how prosperous a country, as a whole may be, there are always some families, through sickness, or adverse circumstances of a peculiar character, in distress. As all of our Leaguers are connected with the Corps of the towns in which they live, they thus get to hear of these cases, and so assist them. Mrs. Brigadier Hargrave, of Montreal, is particularly active in this work.

"We have at the present time, very effective branches of the League in quite a number of Corps, but Mrs. Coombs is very anxious that the number should be increased. I am, also, and I intend to give the matter a great deal of my time and attention. I have already met the Sergeant-Major of the League, at those Corps I have had the privilege of visiting, and have been very much impressed with the energy, good sense, and large-hearted sympathies that they appear to possess.

"Of course, the Field Officers can do a lot to help this work, and I have learned with very great pleasure, that a dozen badges have been ordered for Brantford. I need not say how heartily their co-operation is desired. I am going to London next week-end, where I understand we have quite a good work."

Toronto League of Mercy Work.

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin has a very large and efficient League in Toronto, and during the past year, the Toronto League alone, held 236 meetings in prisons and hospitals; visited 8,270 persons; prayed with 5,636; distributed 14,614 copies of the War Cry, and saw 56 souls kneel in contrition at the feet of Christ.

A large number of the young girls who were dealt with in prison, have been followed up on their discharge, and either placed in our Rescue Homes, or provided with suitable situations. In some cases, the Leaguers have been instrumental in getting terms of imprisonment shortened.

Its Work in Winnipeg.

Mrs. Blanche Johnston, the Prayer League Secretary, who has recently visited the North-West, partly in the interests of the War Cry, has made a study of the League of Mercy work in Winnipeg, concerning which she says:

"I wish I could tell you all I could see the League of Mercy was doing, in the 'Gateway' City of the West. One thing impressed me very much—or I might say two things—without which, no real Christian work can be accomplished. They work systematically and untidily. It was my pleasure to see this exemplified, while present for a short time at the monthly gathering they always hold, to arrange the plan of work for the ensuing month. Suggestions were offered, and everything arranged for each worker, to make the most of the opportunities afforded.

Two Prison Incidents.

Sergeant-Major Mrs. McKenzie and her co-workers, conduct four meetings a month with the women in the Winnipeg Prison. Last month three women professed conversion, out of the forty who were personally visited and prayed with. One of the most interesting cases dealt with was Mrs. K.—She had been convicted eighty-three times, chiefly for drinking. She had been talked with by the League visitor, but she would not yield to any persuasions, until during one of her absences from her free lodging house (the jail) she listened to the noted Winnipeg Band in the open-air. She attended the Sunday morning holiness meeting, and seemed impressed. But did not yield, and was again arrested, with four others, for inebriety. While in jail she came out in one of the League meetings, and testified afterwards every Sunday, until she was discharged and her friends took her away.

The Widow's Story.

Another case was that of a widow, Mrs. S.—, who was sentenced to nine months for stealing. It was her first offence, and she was more amenable to advice than those who have become inured in law-breaking. Through the length of her term, the League workers had a better chance of effectively influencing her. She was of a good family, who would have been fearfully scandalised if they had known of her disgrace. However, Mrs. S.— proved the reality of her reformation by going to honest work after her release.

One might as well try to gather up all the bright sunbeams of a June day, or the sparkling drops of an April shower, as to try and measure all the blessings which are disseminated by

the visitation of the sick, in the hospitals. Our Sisters in Winnipeg find a warm welcome from the patients and a ready acceptance of the War Cry and other literature which they so freely distribute.

In the Hospitals.

One cannot tell much about it, but surely, the salvation of that dear, aged man, who had never before known Jesus as His Saviour, but who was savingly converted, and went away from his little cot into the Heavenly Home, joyously glad in this forgiving grace, was reward enough, for the toil and effort of many visits.

Then, that poor out-cast from society, who was too, a stranger in a strange land. She suffered many weeks before she passed away. But she knew of a Redeemer's love, and at the last, when she could no longer speak, there was always a beautiful smile of peace and confidence, radiating her wan face. She was not only visited in life, and pointed to the Light of the world, but because she had only one other human friend, she was cared for in death, and The Salvation Army laid her poor remains away in their last resting place.

The Grace Hospital.

I might go on multiplying stories, but lack of space forbids. One word more, however. Through rain and sunshine, blizzard and storm, the League Workers go out every Tuesday to Grace Hospital, to conduct a meeting with the poor girls there.

They are cordially welcome and last month they were made very happy in seeing eighteen dear Sisters come out publicly in the Home meetings, and confess their personal need of a Saviour. And so they go on, scattering sunshine and happiness, and doing their part in making happy homes and happy hearts in the Great West Land.

An Example.

Perhaps the following incident makes a fitting conclusion to this article:

One of our Army Officers was hurrying down the street, with that peculiar rapid tread so characteristic of a Salvationist, when her attention was arrested by an old man who seemed eager to tell her something. "A little while back," said he, "I was in a hospital in this city, while there, your ministering angels found me out, they visited me, read to me, sang to me, brought sunshine to my life and salvation to my heart. Through their efforts I'm a saved man to-day; and thank God for the suffering that I went through, since it took me to the place where I met His people and Himself."

THE POOR MEN'S DINNER AT MONTREAL.

Six Hundred Hungry Men Fed by The Army.

The dinner to poor men, given at the Citadel, by Brigadier Hargrave, on New Year's Eve, met a need.

A tempting, steaming meal of roast beef, potatoes, peas, and rich gravy, supplemented with no stinted supply of English plum pudding, with biscuits on the side, pickles to tempt the appetite, and good tea to wash it down, was a sight. Men ate in silence; there seemed to be no time or heart for exchanging greeting, excepting the "grace," led by the Brigadier.

Amongst the workers, was Major Simco. She had come down to her old battleground for a few days. The tables were set three times, and on each occasion the rush was as great as the first, and each time cleared as quickly by hungry ones, until between five and six hundred needy men had had a satisfying meal. Some declared outside, they didn't care whether they had any more for a week, and one man had to remove his belt.

FEEDING THE DISTRESSED.

How the Poor were Helped in Vancouver.

Christmas has been observed in proper Salvation Army fashion in Vancouver, and, under the management of Major Morris, hundreds of the most deserving poor, were provided with wholesome food during the festive season.

Amongst these we helped, were a family of nine dirty and ragged children. The father a drunkard, and the mother, evidently, incapable of looking after her offspring. The outlook for the bairns was a gloomy one, until The Army lassie put in an appearance. She washed their faces, clothed them decently, gave them sufficient food to meet their present and future needs, gave them help for Christmas, and thus made them truly happy, and set an example before the wicked parents, who had previously been void of any concern for their family.

Another case, was that of an old man of 79 years of age, who sadly needed a Christmas dinner. A well-filled basket of Turkey, plum puddings, etc., found its way to his poor home.

FEEDING OTTAWA'S POOR.

Two Thousand Provided for.

We have had rousing times at Ottawa, during the holiday season. Under the supervision of the Brothers of our Corps, we had pots on the street corners, for collecting purposes.

We were enabled to give a dinner to over two thousand people on Christmas Day, who otherwise, would have had very scant fare. In some cases, we had to provide fuel also.

On Christmas Night, we had a grand meeting in the Citadel. The Rev. Scoble gave us great assistance.

The Poor Children's Tree was given on New Year's Night; Brother Mason acted the part of Father 1908, and delighted the three hundred children present, with the useful presents he gave away. Great credit is due to Adjutant Taylor and her assistants, for the indefatigable manner in which they have laboured. The Band and Soldiers, too, have given their services in a praiseworthy way.—Eureka.

For God and Humanity.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF STAFF-CAPTAIN HAYES.

This Article Shows the Possibilities of Noble Service that Await
Young Women in The Salvation Army.



Staff-Captain Hayes.



HE present Staff-Captain always had a great desire to spend her life in God's service. She was converted when very young, and at once felt that The Salvation Army were henceforth to be her people. This conviction took hold of her, no doubt, owing to the light regarding sanctification which came to her soul in a holiness meeting she attended. Her career as a Salvationist began when she was fifteen years of age, and for awhile she fought as a Soldier in the little town of Paris, Ont.

The call to Officership followed, and she entered the Lippincott Training Home, which was then under the care of Staff-Captain Banks. As a Field Officer, she spent a short time in Western Ontario, and was then transferred to British Columbia. In the North-west and Pacific Provinces she has remained ever since, a period of eighteen years.

Twenty-Seven Appointments.

Ten years ago, she was appointed to be a District Officer, and has since, had command of nearly every District in the North-West. At Calgary and Vancouver she has been stationed twice, thus making a total of twenty-seven appointments during her career as an Officer.

She has had the joy of seeing many wonderful cases of conversion at her different stations. Many men have come to the penitent-form quite drunk, and before rising from their knees, have been soundly converted. As a result, homes have been made happy, the hearts of wives and children gladdened, and in some cases, parents who have long prayed for their way-

ward sons, have rejoiced to hear that their prayers were answered, and that the prodigals had sought the forgiveness of God at The Army penitent-form. Many letters reach the Staff-Captain from mothers and fathers in the Eastern Provinces, and in the Old Country, full of thankfulness to God, and praise to The Army, for what has been done for their boys. This is the result of her consecration to the service of God; this is her greatest reward in this life.

A Grand Conversion.

One of the grandest conversions that the Staff-Captain remembers, happened at Fort William. It was a striking proof that there is hope for the very worst, and has, no doubt, often inspired her to pray and believe for the salvation of those whom the world regards as beyond reformation.

An old man of about sixty was in the town when The Army opened fire. His mother had died when he was a boy of six, and his father had taken no interest in him. Thus he was left to shift for himself, and consequently, grew up without any education, either secular or religious. He became a great drunkard, and, after a mis-spent life, he was forced in his declining years, to do chores around a hotel for his board and drinks.

He Couldn't Stay Away.

One night he came to The Army meeting, and after that he couldn't stay away. Every night he was in his accustomed seat, and the Holy Spirit was showing him the way to life and peace. At last he came to the Cross, gave himself fully to God, and then rose, with tears in his eyes and a

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BAND CHAT.

"The desert is blossoming as the rose." Cobourg now boasts of a nice brass Band of twelve pieces. Thanks to Peterborough! Sent out a few more Bandsmen, Brother Greene, you have lots to spare. "Give and it shall be given unto you." Cobourg citizens, from the Mayor down, appreciate very much the music rendered by the Band, and their Hall is packed on Sundays.

Brigadier Hargrave presided at the League of Mercy's Annual Musical Programme at Montreal. The income amounted to about \$10.00, which will cheer the sick. He also was chairman at a big "Musical Go" at the "Point," conducted by the No. 1, and 11. Bands in the Armouries. Some four hundred people enjoyed two hours of music and song.

The severe snow storm interfered considerably with the week-end meetings at Gananoque, which were conducted by the Kingston Band, led on by Brigadier Hargrave. However, the Bandsmen fought hard, and God crowned the efforts with four out for sanctification and two for salvation.

The Belleville Band did nobly at the serenading, and netted \$218.00 for their splendid playing. Everything is looking bright, and remarkable progress is being made.

Bandmaster Reed has farewelled from Winnipeg Ill., for the Motherland. We were sorry to lose him, but the Lord has sent us another. Hallelujah! We're in for victory.

The recently-organised Hamilton 111. Brass Band is making big strides on the road to success, under the leadership of Bandmaster Evenden. While out serenading, sufficient money was collected to finish paying for the instruments, which we consider a great victory.

We had a good time this Christmas at Lindsay. The Band turned out bright and early Christmas morning, and gave the residents in the neighbourhood some Salvation music at their own doors. This was well received, the local press giving the Band great credit, and inviting them to repeat their visit. The Band Fund benefitted greatly by the effort.

We have just welcomed to Bradford, three solo cornet players. Bandsmen Brown and Mills have come to us from Owen Sound, and another Bandsman from Hamilton. Five more instruments have also been added—one tenor, one G. trombone, one tenor trombone, one soprano and one Class A. cornet. During our Christmas serenading we collected \$104.00. We recently were invited to give a service at a Methodist Church, and the people much appreciated our music.

On Christmas morning the Calgary Band, with their new silver instruments, started out to serenade, in different parts of the city, and as the sweet strains of the Christmas carols reached the ears of the people, many doors were thrown open and good donations heartily given, as well as a "Glad to see you, boys," "Merry Christmas," "Come again," for many, whom, if it were not for the S. A. Band, would have heard very little good music on the streets these days. Over \$100.00 was collected.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS



The British Barmaid.

An agitation has been on foot to abolish this form of employment for women.

A New Colonial Parliament.

The first Parliament of the Orange River Colony, elected under the new Constitution, recently assembled, and the members were sworn in. The Governor, Sir H. J. Gough-Adams, read the Speech from the Throne, and referred with thankfulness, to the signs of returning prosperity, which were especially noticeable in the agricultural life of the colony. The speech contained an announcement that the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony had mutually given notice of the termination of the Inter-Colonial Council, also that commissions would be appointed to investigate the conditions of the Civil Service and the police force. The Government would participate in the Customs and Railway Conference at Pretoria, in April, taking advantage of the conference, to discuss how far South African duties might be specially sanctioned. The Inter-Colonial Council Bill was then introduced and read for the first time.

Emperor's Peaceable Words.

Speaking at a State banquet in Amsterdam, in reply to Queen Wilhelmina, the German Emperor said: "From here the Great Elector took his Consort home. Here he learned to work for his people. The noble Electress has bequeathed us a picture which still lives in our people, and lives, too, in the sacred songs we sing in the churches on Sunday. The fragility and diligence of Frederick William I. also had their origin here. Accordingly, my House owes the sincerest thanks to the Netherlands and to the House of Orange."

"I can only express this debt of gratitude by staking my life that our countries may develop themselves in peace. I cherish the firm conviction that this day will tie more firmly the bonds uniting our two Houses. I know that I am at one with my country when I ask God that he may protect your Majesty and your Majesty's Government, and that under the latter, the beautiful Netherlands may continue to thrive."

Cruise of American Fleet.

The departure of the American fleet for the Pacific, is exciting much comment. The total number of vessels under Admiral Evans' Command is fifty-three; the guns in the battleships number 850, and the men, 16,000; the duration of the voyage will be 140 days.

Congress is urged to take note that almost the whole strength of the American fleet is being transferred from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The one ocean requires a fleet just as much as another, and the distribution of the present fleet in the two oceans, means inadequate protection in both, while strengthening the one, means weakening the other. Events thus appear to be shaping towards the acceptance of what is termed "the two oceans standard," as an assurance of

absolute safety. If the need of such a standard is admitted by Congress, not only should the wisdom of the cruise be recognised, but the increase of the fleet be sanctioned. The fleet was reviewed by President Roosevelt, previous to its departure. Elaborate arrangements are being made for its reception at San Francisco.

New Anglo-French Convention.

An important convention between Great Britain and France has just been signed, having for its object, the prevention of attempts to defraud the Exchequer in both countries with regard to succession duties. It is a brief document, consisting of five articles.

The British Government undertakes to provide the French Government, in cases of death, where the deceased is domiciled in France, with an extract of the will, containing the name, domicile, date and place of death, together with information respecting his or her heirs and particulars of the personal property comprised in the inheritance. The French Government undertakes a similar engagement in cases of death, where the domicile of the deceased is in Great Britain or Ireland.

This agreement refers only to succession duties; but by means of the information furnished by the French, the British authorities will be able to see whether the deceased possessed property abroad, on which he had not paid income tax.

Wireless Photography.

A French inventor recently exhibited in Paris, means for photographing

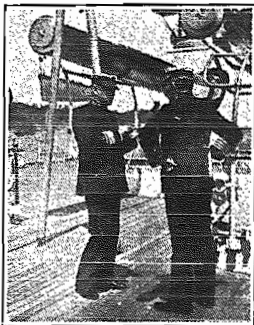
General and a number of persons interested in scientific inventions, a new telephotograph apparatus, which can be adapted to the wireless system, or to the ordinary telegraph wire system. He transmitted the picture of the Postmaster General without aid of the wires from one end of the hall to the other. The inventor claims that distance does not interfere with the effectiveness of his methods. Photographs, he says, can be sent by it, between New York and Paris.

A Stormy Passage.

With one of her passengers dead, another seriously injured, and with her decks battered and scarred by tremendous waves, the Russian steamer "Sartor," arrived at New York, from Liban and Rotterdam. The voyage was a continuous struggle with wind and wave. Heavy weather was encountered from the start, and the seventeen cabin and 327 steerage passengers, were kept closely confined to their quarters. An immense wave broke over the bows, and, sweeping down, carried two women, steerage passengers, so great was the force with which the wall of water struck the women, that one of them was instantly killed. The other sustained serious, but probably not fatal, injuries.

Wreck of Imperial Limited.

As the Imperial Limited Express was running at a good rate of speed, suddenly startled by a grinding noise, followed by a loud crash, as the cars crossed over and plunged down an embankment into a creek. The colonist,



Rear Admiral Evans on His Quarters Deck.

second-class and first-class cars were dented, the Pullmans remaining on the rails. Fortunately, the acetylene gas was extinguished by the shock, which explains the low casualty list. The passengers in the forward coaches were penned in, and the work of extricating them by the effort of the trainmen and their fellow passengers was speedily begun.

The disaster happened near Chapleau, on January 3rd. One woman was killed and eleven persons injured. One man was caught in the wreck in such a manner that his hand was almost chopped off before he could be released, and the surgeons had to finish the operation by amputating the hand. A defective rail is said to be the cause of the accident.

Distress Among American Poor.

It is reported that over a hundred and twenty-five thousand people are out of work in New York including 25,000 skilled mechanics. With every charity bed in the city occupied, lodging houses overcrowded, tenement saloons turned into barracks, and an array of wanderers on the streets, the charity organisations in New York are helplessly facing a situation which will reach the climax with the first cold wave.

The distress in the poorer parts of Ireland, has been made keener by the financial stress in the United States. It has been customary for the Irish in America, to forward monetary help for those at home, but this year the letters from America, instead of money drafts, contain laments as to the state of things commercial, and regret that the usual help is impossible.

There is also much distress among the Russian poor, and the Parliament has voted a sum of \$7,500,000 for famine relief.

Welsh Colliery Explosion.

A serious explosion took place recently at the Dinas Mine Colliery, Giffach Loch, in Wales.

About 150 men are employed in the mine, and these were receiving their wages at the pay office on the surface, when the explosion occurred. A volume of smoke burst from the shaft, and the report was heard a mile away. The iron plating covering the shaft had been displaced, and a hauler at the end of the shaft, named Harry Pullen, was thrown some feet into the air, and saved himself from going down the shaft by clinging to a rail when falling. It was soon ascertained that there were only twelve men in the pit at the time of the explosion, these being employed in the usual Saturday afternoon work of repairing and timbering. A rescue party worked strenuously, and eventually the bodies of seven men were recovered. The remaining five men had groped their way out through the return airway and the old horse-way, and reached the surface with only one of their number injured.

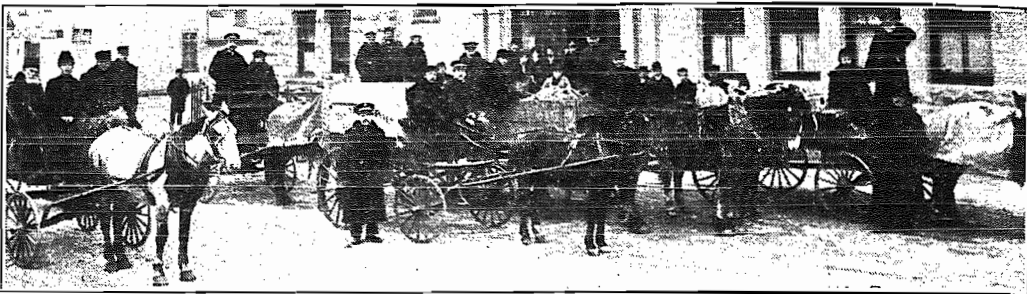
The character of the citadel of the soul depends on the things you admit at the gates of the senses.



Pioneers of the Iron Road in Canada; Surveyors' perilous foothold on a Cliff Round Which the Track Must Run.

The difficulties in surveying a railroad such as the Canadian Pacific are enormous. Very often a ledge has to be cut for the track, out of the face of a sheer cliff, overhanging a gorge. The only way for surveyors to mark out their line, is to hang logs from the top of the cliff, so as to enable them to obtain a slight and dangerous foothold. Along this narrow bridge they move, at the risk of their lives, examining the geological formation, and making notes of the cutting that will be necessary. The axemen go first, then come the transit-men, to measure the distances and the angles, the leveller follows, to record the levels, and with him are the rod-men. The last is the topographer, who makes a clay model of the general contour of the country.

PICTURES AND PARAGRAPHS



Distributing the Baskets, Containing Christmas Dinners For the Poor, At Winnipeg.

Something Got Hold of Him.

One cold Winter's night, a ragged looking fellow with uncombed hair and beard staggered into a little Army Hall, and sat down in a back seat. A Sergeant went to speak to him but found him too muddled to understand much of what was going on. Presently he got up and shuffled off out. He had gone to the nearest saloon for another drink. It seemed as if a magnet drew him to The Army that night, however, for soon he was back in the Hall again. This time the Sergeant persuaded him to come forward and kneel at the penitent-form. Here he was prayed with, and before long he stood on his feet and said that something had come to him, and that he was going to live a new life in the future.

Something had come to him—it was salvation. For many long years he had been a terrible drunkard, and up till that night, had never been to an Army meeting before. The reality of the change was soon manifest, for on Sunday he appeared at the meeting, filled up and with his best clothes on. His wife was with him. Before the day was ended, she, too, had knelt at the mercy seat.

In talking about his wonderful conversion, afterwards, he would say, "I don't know what struck me that night, but I couldn't keep away from The Army. If anybody had talked to me about religion before that, I'd a mobbed 'em; but there's something got hold of me, and now it just seems natural to me to be religious. I can't help it. I must praise God for what He's done for me, and pray for strength to go on doing right."

He knows now, that it was the Spirit of God that took hold of him, and he is to-day, a humble, grateful and a happier Soldier of Jesus Christ.

Winning Over the Bar-Tender.

The Lieutenant was just about to go out War Cry selling.

"How did you get on last week, Cadet?" she asked the young girl who had previously gone over the district.

"Oh, terrible," replied the Cadet; "I warn you not to go into that hotel on the corner of the Market. The man swore at me, and pushed me roughly out of the door when I offered him a Cry."

"That's not very encouraging, dear," replied the Lieutenant. "I'll see how he treats me, anyhow."

So saying, she picked up her bundle of papers and started off down the street. Upon reaching the hotel, she hesitated a moment, and then boldly pushing open the door, she walked up to the bar, and asked the bar-tender to buy a War Cry. Instead of replying, to her, the man started to talk loudly to a friend who was leaning over the bar. He purposely made insulting remarks about The Army, and said such things regarding the character of its Officers, that the Lieutenant felt horrified. She did not get offended, however, and when the man's flow of eloquence had somewhat ceased, she quietly said:

"Suppose you had a daughter, and she left her home in order to work for God amongst strange people, and suppose any man said to her what I have heard you say to-day, would you like it?"

This was an attack from an unexpected quarter, and the man was prepared for it. His eyes suddenly filled with tears. The tender spot in his heart had been touched.

"Yes," he said, "I'll buy a War Cry—I don't believe in your religion, but I can't help but believe in you."

He became a regular customer, and the Lieutenant had free access to his place at any time. All through a little tact and patience.

One for the Uniform.

While one of our Rescue Officers was waiting in the Hall of one of Montreal's Hospitals, a grief-stricken mother came up to her, and entreated her to get down on her knees and pray God to make her daughter well.

The Officer did so at once, and when she arose from her knees, she found that the old lady was quite comforted and confident that her prayer would be answered in the way she wished.—Ensign M. Ducken.

Cornering an Atheist.

The proprietor of a certain saloon was atheist, and the weekly visit of The Salvation Army Captain with her War Cry provided him with some fine fun. The Captain usually refrained from arguments. One day, however, she attempted to convince him of his wrong views. She was fast cornering him, and he began to get angry. This called forth a protest from a crowd of commercial travellers who had been following the discussion with interest.

"Oh, now, own up that you are beaten," they called out.

"What's it got to do with you?" said the angry man. "I was just talking; to this lady here, and it's our affair, not yours!"

"Well, we must talk it over some other time," said the Captain, "but now, since you've taken up so much

of my time, I think the best thing you can do is to all buy a War Cry. So she told out her papers and went home happy.

Her words, however, made a great impression on the saloon-keeper, and he became very friendly towards The Army.

Courtesy Rewarded.

Whilst standing at a street corner, collecting Christmas dinners for the poor, a Cadet was accosted by an old woman who was under the influence of liquor. Another lady who happened to be passing at the moment, stopped and watched the Cadet as he led the old lady across the road to a street car, and when he returned to his stand, she smiled very graciously, and dropped a crisp bill into the box.

She had noticed the old lady ask to be helped into the car, and in her desire to see what the Cadet would do, she halted, with what result we have already seen.

The Text Hit Him.

"Five weeks ago I came into this Hall, two-thirds full of beer," stated a convert at a recent meeting at a Toronto Corps. "I came in to see a man about getting a job," he went on; "but the sermon I heard that night, went right home to my heart. It was the text that just seemed to fit me. It was this: 'I have played the fool and covered exceedingly.' That's just me, I thought, and there and then I determined to return to God."

"Thank God for The Salvation Army," it takes hold of the drunkards."

A Little Girl's Struggle.

From early morning knee-drill, to late at night on Sunday last, the Winnipeg I. comrades stuck to their guns. Some seven walked between

four and six miles in order to attend the meetings. Adjutant Byers led on, and we had ten souls for salvation. One was a little girl, who had a terrible struggle in the meeting, until her father seeing her anguish, picked her up and carried her to the penitent-form.—S. W. P.

An Old Penitent.

Captain Lamb, of Sarnia, was taking up a collection around the open air one night, and happened to go into the bar-room of a hotel near by. Two old men were standing there, and she gave them a special invitation to come to the meeting. They came, and as the meeting progressed, seemed quite interested, for they began to express their approval of what was said, in rather loud tones. The elder of the two, whose hair was quite white, would shout out to the other, "That's the truth, they are alright," and so on.

The Captain asked them kindly if they would be quiet till the close of the meeting, and they calmed down a bit.

When the invitation to sinners was given, the old white-haired man stood up, and taking hold of his friend, he tried to bring him to the mercy seat. The other old man refused to come, however, and so the first one shook hands with him, saying, "Good-bye him, good-bye devil. I have been in this way too long. I am going to start to serve God." He made his way to the penitent-form, where he cried for mercy.

Cost of Entertaining Royalty

Getting More Expensive.

A recent writer gives some interesting particulars regarding the cost of entertaining the King. He says:—

A word may not be out of place concerning the extraordinary expenses to which the modern host of Royalty is often put, when about to entertain a Royal visitor and that, in spite of the fact that our Royal Family are exceptionally careful not to give unnecessary trouble. Curiously enough, the cost of entertaining the Sovereign was considerably less in the days when Queen Victoria was a young woman than it is now. The great nobility, whom alone she honoured in this fashion, made very little difference in their ordinary way of life during the days the Queen and her Consort sojourned under their roof. Most of the stately homes of England possess an historic suite of rooms, never used save by royal visitors. When Queen Victoria was expected, these rooms enjoyed an extra cleaning, but the repapering and re-furnishing which is now almost an invariable corollary of a royal visit, was never thought of, and the comparatively few personal servants who accompanied their royal master and mistress, were expected to conform in every way to the, often very strict, rules of the ordinary household of which they found themselves temporary members.

"There is a time to be silent, and a time to speak. Words are like oil, of infinitely changeable hue, accord to the light, the heat, the setting."



The General Welcoming the Swazi Chiefs at His Home.

Personalities.

STEPPING INTO HOLINESS

A Pleasant or Unpleasant Instrument—Like Swinging Doors—It Will be Said of You—He Knows—
Never Mind the Consequences.

BY MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.



HAT a deal there is of sorrow to mothers and fathers, and to the going away and living just the same, until sometimes we, who are constantly engaged in trying to bring people nearer to God, no away so discouraged that our hearts are almost broken!

We feel that people go back again from the place where we have led them, instead of stepping up to the place to which God is calling them. They come and come, and we are, as the Prophet says, unto them a very pleasant instrument or a very unpleasant one, as the case may be; and so they go away, and do not get anything. They do not make any definite advance. We have not communicated unto them any spiritual gift. They merely have their feelings stirred, and consequently, they live the next week exactly as they lived the last, and go down under the temptation just as they did before.

Would you dream for a moment from reading the New Testament that this was the kind of thing God intended in His provisions of grace and salvation? Is there not a definite end in every promise, exhortation and command? God is most definite in His requirements and promises, and in the provision which He has made; and yet many of the Lord's people are

Perpetually and Persistently Indefinite.

They go to and fro, like a door on its hinges, and never get anything from the Lord.

But we want you absolutely to get something from the Lord, and we are quite sure you may, and will, if you comply with the condition. The Lord is here to give you that particular measure of grace, strength and salvation which you want. Now that you have come up to the threshold of the goodly land there is only one thing that can keep you out, provided you have made the needed consecration of which you have heard, and which, I think, you understand. Of course, if you are nothing anything back, then you can never come in until you give that up. If you are cleaving to some doubtful thing, and don't give God the benefit of the doubt, you can never come in; but if you see this and really desire this blessing, there is only one thing that possibly keep you out of its enjoyment, and that is—unbelief.

It will be said of you, in years to come, as it was said of some in olden times, "They entered not in, because of unbelief." You have come right up to the threshold, and some of you have been there many a time. Oh, what gracious influences you have been the subject of! You have seen through the veil! You have felt His hand! You have had your feet on the threshold! You have been almost in, and then you have drawn back through unbelief. Shall it be so again? God forbid. Will you step over? Will you venture? Will you trust? Will you leap on to His faithfulness? Will you spring into His arms of Omnipotent love, and trust Him with conse-

quences? Never mind if you do die, or something happens to you that never happened to anyone else in the world's history; God will take care of you. Never mind if the devil does come round and "consider" you, as he did Job, and afflict you with boils and put you upon the dunghill—you will be happier there with Jesus, than in a palace without Him. Oh, this earth, for the unconquered! The devil knows the grand possibilities open to many of you; he knows not only what you might receive and enjoy in yourselves, but what you might accomplish for God if you would only come in and possess this blessing; and

So He Frightens You with Consequences.

He knows what you might do, and whom you might be instrumental in saving!

Who knows how many of these precious ones that cluster around you, you may be instrumental in leading on to this higher platform—this glorious vantage ground of Christian exultation more? and how, in this way, the glorious blessings would spread. Oh, let me beg of you to think of this! Remember, also, that every time you come near and go back, there is less probability that you will ever come in at all; and the nearer you come and go back, there is less probability that you will ever come as near again.

You are grieving the Spirit. There are some people who have been coming near for years, and now they have gone back altogether, and I am afraid they will never come up again. The Lord help you! What will you do? The law of the Kingdom, from beginning to end, is, "According to your faith be it unto you," and, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Eternal truth has uttered it—"ye shall have them." Now, then, will you? Have you let go all? Are you leaving all behind you? Are you resolved to cut from the past, and no more make any provision for the flesh to fulfil its lusts, but that you will bid the things that are behind a final adieu, close your eyes on them, and fix your eyes on the mark of the prize of your high calling, and press on every succeeding hour of your life until you reach it? Will you? If you will, God will give you His blessing. He waits to do it; He is here. The Holy Ghost is here; He is leading many of you up; He is beseeching you; He is seconding what I am saying in your hearts; He is saying, "Come, beloved; come into the banqueting house." He wants to bless and fill you with His Spirit. Now, then, will you come? Oh, the Lord help you not to draw back, but to press on, press on, never minding the consequences!

We have had a good week-end at West Selkirk, and God blessed us very much with His presence. Especially on Sunday night, was it so, when Captain Hardie spoke with power and four backstiders came back to God—Ferguson, for Capt. Hardie and Lieut. Clapham.

poted for the world's championship, on the Thames, in 1888, has been for a long time a real Salvationist in Australia, and an enthusiastic War Cry seller.

Colonel and Mrs. Lindsay, Territorial Commanders of the West Indies, are under orders to farewell. In his farewell letter to the War Cry, the Colonel says:—

"Matters have arisen, through the death of Mrs. Lindsay's mother, that demand my presence in England; and as I have so recently been in London on Army business, I feel I cannot again leave the Territory without a leader for any length of time, especially in view of the important property and other schemes on hand. This fact, combined with my own failing health, compels me reluctantly to relinquish the West Indian Command."

He expects leave Jamaica about the middle of January.

Last Wednesday morning, Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire and Staff-Captain Fraser, attended the execution at the Don Jail, of the man Boyd, who suffered the extreme penalty of the law, for taking the life of a fellow-creature in a moment of passion.

Our comrades had visited and spoken to the man about his soul during his incarceration, and the War Cry regularly found its way into the condemned man's cell. Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire believes that He who pardoned the penitent thief on the cross, saved that penitent murderer in the prison cell. He died fully resigned.

ANTI-SUICIDE BUREAUS.

Review of a Year's Work of The Salvation Army.

Twelve months ago, as will be remembered, The General started Anti-Suicide Bureaus in various cities of the world, and he now has issued a review of the year's work. Altogether, 1,125 men, and ninety women sought the assistance of the London Bureau, to save them from self-destruction, while at least an equal number applied at the Bureaus in other cities. It appears from the review, that the seekers for help, belonged mainly to the middle class. More than half of them attributed the desire to end their lives, to financial embarrassment, or hopeless poverty.

For the small number of women applicants, The General deduces that they are better able to bear up under sorrows and trials than men. He thinks it safe to say that seventy-five per cent. of the applicants have been diverted from contemplated suicide, and helped to surmount their difficulties.

The Chicago Anti-Suicide Bureau has also issued a report of the cases handled, and suicides prevented, since the establishment of the bureau six months ago.

In that time, 335 persons have sought the assistance offered by the Bureau, and of this number, it is estimated, that eighty per cent. have been saved from self-destruction. A significant fact is, that the overwhelming number of those who applied to the Bureau were men. Only 65 women availed themselves of the help.

The most prolific causes of men desiring to commit suicide, are domestic unhappiness, lack of employment, drunkenness, and gambling. The reasons given most frequently by the women, were desertion, sickness, and lack of work.

We regret to say that Mrs. Booth has received a great loss, in the death of her father, Dr. Soper, of Plymouth, who passed away to God after a short illness. Mrs. Booth was summoned hastily from London, and with her brother, Captain Soper, was with her father during his last hours.

Owing to their unsatisfactory health, neither of her sisters were able to travel. Staff-Captain Soper, who has lately been so ill, is again confined to her bed, and Mrs. Booth was compelled to return to London late on Saturday night, on her account. We are sure Mrs. Booth has the sympathy of our friends and comrades.

It is stated that the resignation of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the British Prime Minister is imminent—that his doctors earnestly advise him against attempting to resume the labours and responsibilities of his high office. He appears to be suffering from heart affliction. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is a statesman who is held in the highest esteem by politicians of all parties. It will be remembered that The General and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman received their D.C.L.s. together at Oxford, and that after the ceremony they chatted with each other. Sir Henry has frequently expressed his admiration for the work of The Salvation Army. He has the deepest sympathy of The Army in his illness.

We learn that Commander Miss Booth has decided upon an important change in the Western Territory, which embraces two of the leading Staff Officers of the West, namely, Colonel George French, and Lieut.-Colonel Charles Miles. Colonel French has been in successful command of the Pacific Coast Province for a number of years, first of the old Pacific Coast Province, and after re-arrangement, of the Southern Pacific Province, passing through the trying ordeal of the San Francisco earthquake and fire, and keeping The Army's interests well to the front under the peculiarly trying circumstances. Colonel French now relinquishes his Provincial Officership, for the important position of Western Territorial Secretary, at the Chicago Headquarters.

Lieut.-Colonel Charles Miles, who has held the Western Territorial Secretaryship with ability, since the division of the Territory, and prior to that served for several years as Field Secretary, at National Headquarters, has received his appointment as Provincial Officer for the Southern Pacific, made vacant by Col. French's transfer.

Brigadier Thykjaer, Chief Secretary of Denmark, is farwelling, as is also Brigadier Breien, Chief Secretary of Finland. The Officers in question, it may be said, are changing appointments. Brigadier Thykjaer goes to Finland, and Brigadier Breien to Denmark.

Mrs. Brigadier Hargrave gave a beautiful service of song in the Citadel on Sunday night, to a large audience. At the close, a man got saved, who was once a Bandmaster, and who had not been to The Salvation Army for two years.

In connection with the death of the late Edward Hanlan, reputed to be the world's most famous sculler, it is interesting to note, that Edward Trickett, of Australia, with whom he com-

THE WAR CRY.

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Comments on Current Matters.

THE LEAGUE OF MERCY.

Everywhere we give some particulars concerning a branch of our Army operations, which, in the solitude of the prison cell, or the privacy of the hospital ward, or the still greater privacy of the home where sickness lingers, and want is known, accomplishes a most benevolent work. We refer to the League of Mercy.

Now, we understand that both Mrs. Colonel Sowton, and Mrs. Lieut.-Col. Gaskin, who are Mrs. Coombs' trusty aids in this branch of Women's Work, are very desirous of increasing the usefulness of this work in their respective Districts. Mrs. Sowton, especially, inasmuch as her field of labour is so much wider. This means, of course, the establishing of branches of the League of Mercy in towns and cities where it is not at present, and an increase in the number of Leaguers.

A CHANCE FOR YOU.

There are many Salvationists who will read these notes, who possess the necessary gifts and graces to make them veritable messengers of mercy in the hospital ward, and in the sick chamber. It is true they have their home ties, and demands upon their time, but they are so situated that a little sacrifice of comfort, and a little extra exertion, would enable them to devote some hours to a work so essentially Christ-like in its nature, that the spiritual blessing they would receive would so much more than compensate for the extra physical toll that we have no hesitancy in asking them to enroll themselves in the local League. It will afford them scope for benevolent work that, perhaps, no other phase of Army work is capable of. How many voices there are that are exceedingly soothing and comforting in the sick rooms which have neither the compass nor the strength for the public hall; and how many there are who can preach Christ in conversation with the ones and twos that could never dare to do so in the crowded room. Those, then, who are at present doing little or nothing for the Kingdom, will find excellent scope in the Mercy League. Join it.

GOOD TIDINGS.

We are sure that throughout this broad Dominion of ours no news was received more gladly last Tuesday than that the S.S. Mount Royal had safely reached a port. After being a fortnight overdue, and when practical seamen had expressed the opinion that she had gone down with all hands on board—nearly 400 souls—when feeling had reached almost to excitement—then, thank God, came the news that the belated ship had entered Queenstown harbour. We rejoice with all those who know that their dear ones are safe, and we trust that the experience may be the means of making all to think about the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of making sure work of entering Glory's



INDIA AGAIN FACE-TO-FACE WITH FAMINE.

Canada will be a big nation to meet India in her hour of need, should be sent to Commissioner Coombs, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, without delay.

port at last. This can only be done by wholehearted service in the cause of God and mankind.

A DEAD LETTER.

According to the latest English War Cry to hand, there is plenty of poverty in the Old Country, and that one great legislative palliative for relieving distress has hopelessly broken down. In past years it has been a national disgrace that children have had to go fustled to school, and to relieve the physical necessities of the little ones, The Salvation Army, each winter, supplied a huge number of breakfasts at half a cent each, and in cases where even this tiny sum was not forthcoming, the breakfast was supplied for nothing. The matter was thrashed out in the Mother of Parliaments, with the result that an Act was passed which gave local authorities the power to provide free meals out of rate money. It was left optional whether the authorities should do so or not; and up to the present the Act remains a dead letter—and children go hungry to school.

THE ARMY'S ASSISTANCE.

The Salvation Army had, in view of the Act, decided to discontinue the providing of these cheap meals, but the exigencies of the case has compelled the Chief of the Staff to resume them, and it is a tribute to the efficiency of The Army's Social organisation, that in a very short time Breakfast Depots were in full swing, not only in the necessitous parts of London, but in all the great provincial centres.

RELIEVING THE STRESS.

There is no doubt that the exceptionally mild winter that we are now experiencing is a great blessing to those who were not altogether prepared for the winter season, as not only does the dry, mild weather allow a considerable amount of out-door work to be resumed, but it must tend to mitigate the distress of those who are out of work. To the effect of the fine weather is due, no doubt, the fact that the wall of distress is no longer read in the daily papers.

PLEASANT READING.

Of course we are not altogether out of the wood yet, so it behoves the

stranger within our gates not to shout too loudly. But there is no doubt that the newspaper reports from the North-West of mild weather, the absence of snow, and cattle browsing on the prairies, is far more gratifying than some of the news received from that quarter last year. According to special telegrams from Winnipeg, it is now felt by farmers and stockmen that the winter will be passed without loss of cattle—a blessing indeed for the new settler.

CURE FOR INEBRIETY.

At the meeting of the Ontario Society for the Reformation of Inebriates, held recently, some statistics were presented to the Society by which it was shown that during last year forty inebriates received medical treatment for their inebriety. The result of this treatment is as follows: Doing well, 10; Improved, 15; Improved temporarily, only 10; result unknown in five cases. We rejoice at the work that is accomplished, but to us the number dealt with by the Society seems small. Perhaps that effect is caused by the large number of drunkards dealt with by The Salvation Army each year, and the splendid proportion that finds Divine Grace a perfect remedy for drunkenness. We may say that in connection with Mrs. Booth's Home for Women Inebriates in England, no fewer than 70 per cent. become permanently reformed. Vegetarian diet, regular occupation, and the power of God are the great principles of the treatment in these Homes.

\$1,000,000 FOR A LIFE.

It is said that Queen Elizabeth, when passing from the Dominion over which she held sway, to the realms of eternity, cried out, "A million of money for a moment of time!" It was an unavailing appeal. We have been reminded of that legend by a newspaper report to the effect that an American millionaire recently offered a million dollars to any physician who could save the life of his friend, suffering from pneumonia. That friend died. The King of Terrors is not to be kept at bay by dollars, and we venture to say that that physician could do no more after the offer of a million than he had done before. The devotion and skill of the medical faculty is splendid. It is good

to know, however, that eternal life can be had without money and without price. What about you, reader? Have you got it?

QUEEN DOWAGER'S THANKS

For The General's Message of Sympathy in Sweden's Great Loss.

It will be remembered that on the occasion of the death of the late King Oscar, of Sweden, The General immediately telegraphed the following message of sympathy to the bereaved Queen Sophia:—

"Your Majesty's loss will command the sympathy and call forth the earnest prayers of the entire Salvation Army, in which none will join more heartily than your Majesty's true friend, William Booth."

To this message the following reply has been received:—

"Her Majesty the Queen Dowager of Sweden, charges me to forward her heartfelt thanks for the sympathy expressed by General Booth.—Lady in Waiting."

HAMILTON, BERMUDA.

On Sunday, December 15th, the Officers, Band, and a number of the Comrades gathered at the wharf to meet Captain and Mrs. Galway, who have come to spend a few weeks with us. On Wednesday, the 18th, we had a real welcome-home meeting. A good crowd turned out to greet the newly married couple. The meeting right through was a time of rejoicing. Captain and Mrs. Galway conducted the meeting on Sunday night, and five souls cried to God for pardon.—F. M.

AT HAMILTON I.

Major Green conducted the watch-night service at Hamilton I. There was a beautiful crowd, and thirty-five re-consecrated themselves to God. On New Year's Day the Major met the Bandsmen and their wives, and inducted Bandmaster Squires, the new Bandmaster. The Band for their Christmas playing collected \$160.00.

Lieutenant Butterworth and Sister Jennings led the meeting at Brandon on a recent Thursday, and at the close two souls returned to the fold.

Chief Secretary's Notes

The Commissioner is planning an extensive series of meetings during the next few weeks, which will embrace Corps in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, and is also arranging to open our newly erected Hall at Toronto Junction.

Mrs. Sowton and myself spent last week-end at Guelph, where we had a real good time with our comrades at this Corps, and saw twenty-six souls at the Cross, of whom about half were for salvation. Staff-Captain Hay was unfortunately, hindered by sickness, from taking part, but Lieut.-Colonel Sharp came instead, and was a great help in the meetings.

Brigadier and Mrs. Southall have received a very warm welcome in London, England, after an unusually good passage, and were introduced to the Emigration Staff and installed in their new position at a welcome tea, at which most of the Canadian Officers now in England were also present.

The Commissioning of the Cadets from our Toronto College, will take place on Monday, February 10th, in the Temple. The Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs will be in command, assisted by T. H. Q. and Training College Staff.

A letter to hand from India, tells of the safe arrival of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Horn, at Bombay, where they were met by Commissioner Booth-Tucker. Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich was also present, both to welcome Colonel and Mrs. Horn to India, and also to meet Mrs. Friedrich and family, who arrived a few days later. Lieut.-Col. Horn and family are now at their new home in the City of Simla, India. They are all well, and send their love to Canadian Comrades and friends.

Mrs. Brigadier Burditt, who recently had to mourn the loss of her dear father, now sorrows over her brother, who has just been called away. May the Lord comfort the Brigadier and his dear wife, in this new affliction, and give them strength to say, "Thy will be done."

COLONEL AND MRS. SOWTON AT GUELPH.

Magnificent Meetings and 26 at the Mercy Seat.

Guelph, Ont., Jan. 6.—The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Sowton, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, paid a very successful visit to Guelph last week-end.

On their arrival by the 5.40 train, they were given a real good welcome. The Saturday night and Sunday morning meetings were held in the Hall, and were occasions of a mighty outpouring of the Spirit of God, when sixteen comrades knelt at the mercy seat.

The afternoon and night meetings were held in the City Hall, and were unquestionably a crowning time.

The Colonel's forcible and eloquent lecture, "Under the Colours," was full of rousing interest and enthusiasm, and awakened in the minds of every one present, as never before, the gigantic operations of The Army in other lands.

At the night meeting, ten came to the penitent-form, making in all, twenty-six for the week-end.—James Ryder, Correspondent.

THE COMMISSIONER

At the Grand Opera House.

The Visit to Guelph, and a Christmas Feast in the Temple for Six Hundred Poor Children.

WATCHNIGHT SERVICE AT THE TEMPLE.

IS we have stated, the two meetings recently held in the Grand Opera House, were so promising, that the Commissioner decided to take this spacious theatre for every Sunday night in January. The first meeting of the series was led by the Commissioner, and the crowd was bigger than on either of the previous occasions, notwithstanding the weather was bitterly cold.

The Commissioner was supported by several Officers of the Headquarters Staff, and the Temple Band. A very impressive meeting was conducted.

A feeling of solemnity rested upon the service from the start. A feeling that was intensified by the fine singing of the Headquarters singers, the Temple Bandmen, and the vocal quartette. The Temple Band, by its magnificent music, also greatly contributed to the enjoyment of the meeting.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire read a portion of Scripture, and gave a vigorous address, after which the Commissioner made one of his slashing attacks on the soul. Basing his remarks on the words of Paul to the Philippians: "Do thyself no harm," the Commissioner gave a stirring appeal to the young, to enter upon the New Year in a manner that would ensure a year of holy living.

The Commissioner drew a vivid pic-

ture of that daring apostle, holding back from self-murder, the arm that had scarified his back, and had placed his feet in the stocks. Then, in burning words, the Commissioner described the gratifications and practices by which the young work harm, both to body and soul, and showed how suffering is inevitably linked up to rebellion, and how sin will work out death.

Then, using a simple illustration that created a shudder, but carried conviction, the Commissioner told how that recently whilst travelling to his Office, he was engaged in conversation with a man concerning the recent Toronto elections. When the man with whom the Commissioner had been conversing left the car, a small boy sitting beside the Commissioner said, "So-and-so got licked. He doesn't believe in a God, that's how he got licked." The small boy spoke truer than he knew.

People, who, by their actions, say they do not believe in a God, are sure to get "licked."

In an impassioned appeal, the Commissioner called upon his hearers to decide what they would do, and in the prayer meeting that followed, four came and knelt at the orchestra rail for salvation.

But doubtless many went away to ponder over the solemn message that had that night, in that temple of frivolity and worldliness fallen upon their ears with such terrible earnestness.

WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE AT TEMPLE.

A Time of Retrospection.

The last day of the old year is usually a time of retrospection, and people's minds wander back over the 365 days that they have lived through since they celebrated the coming-in of the last New Year. In reviewing the year 1907, at the Watchnight service at the Temple, the Commissioner remarked that all Salvationists should be especially grateful to God for the great advances that had been made. The bringing in of so many immigrants called for the exercise of much tact and patience, and those who loved God, and believed in the things that make for peace and righteousness, should show great consideration for all new comers, and endeavour to influence them all to stand for godliness and purity.

On the platform with the Commissioner, were Mrs. Coombs, Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, Brigadier Taylor, and many of Headquarters Staff, also, the Temple Band.

Prayer and Testimony.

Brigadier Taylor, Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire and the Commissioner prayed fervently for the great city around them, with its teeming multitudes. A few words of personal testimony from Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire then followed, in which he related how the Spirit of God mightily convicted him in a Watchnight service many years ago, and just as the clock struck twelve he stepped into liberty. "Where Art

Thou?" was the question he brought home to the hearts of all present. Brigadier Taylor and Staff-Captain Walton also spoke.

The Commissioner thanked all who had done anything for The Army during 1907, for their services, and then went on to picture two characters to the people—Elisha and Gehazi. One, an unselfish servant of God, not seeking his reward in this life, the other a grasping, selfish man, whose eyes were blinded by earthly things, and who, in consequence, missed the greatest reward of all, and received quick punishment for his covetousness.

As the clock pointed to within a few minutes of the New Year, a solemn, searching question rang through the Temple from the Commissioner's lips, forcing the people to consider their ways, and to think upon their real character before the Lord. "Is there a deceiver here?" was the question, which like a sharp sword pierced the hearts of all present, and as the midnight chimes rang out from the City Hall, every head was bowed in prayer and one could almost imagine the Recording Angel going from heart to heart, and writing on the Book, the decision that each came to, which would decide their destiny for the coming year.

We have welcomed Ensign and Mrs. Barry to Plenton, and they have indeed slipped right into harness. They are more than booming the Cry. Last Sunday two souls found Christ, and we are believing for more.—C. C. A. Wood.

Hungry Six Hundred.

SALVATION ARMY PROVIDED A FEAST FOR POOR CHILDREN.

Touching Scenes at the "Banquet"—Little Ones Attacked Food With Great Avidity—There Was No Ceremony.

(The Globe.)

As six hundred little children trooped into the large Hall of The Salvation Army Temple at five o'clock on New Year's Day, and feasted their eyes on the long rows of tables spread with the most appetising fare, there was a shout of delight which must have gladdened the hearts of Commissioner Coombs and the other Officers of The Army, to whose efforts, the young people owed, what to many of them, was probably the brightest and most enjoyable experience of the festive season. Drawn from those parts of the city where the pinch of poverty is most keenly felt—this year, perhaps more keenly than usual—the gathering was typically one of the children of misfortune, and the avidity with which, at a given signal, the poor little souls attacked the bounties provided, for them, was in itself touching evidence of their need.

Marching to their places in the most orderly fashion, from a smaller Hall down stairs, where for an hour previously, they had listened with marked appreciation, to a number of Bible stories, told by some of The Army Officers, and joined with great heartiness in the singing of several hymns, the children seemed so eager to begin their feast, that but for the kindly restraint imposed upon them, they would have had their plates cleaned without grace or ceremony of any kind. But hungry though they were, they needed only a gentle reminder of what they owed to the Giver of all blessings, and the heart and spirit they put into the praise, led by the Commissioner and the Temple Band, bore testimony alike to their appreciation and to the fact that their spiritual training had not been neglected.

Then the Commissioner blew a whistle, and immediately, with a noisy clatter and noise, the little ones set to, bolting their food as if a prize awaited those who finished first. And what a banquet it was! Roast turkey, and meat, fruit, cakes, bread and butter, and tea—and plenty of each. In their eagerness to appease their hunger, some of the children grabbed the first thing that came to hand. One little fellow attacked his turkey with two knives, using first one and then the other, with the result that his neighbour, a girl, was left with a couple of forks. It occurred to neither to exchange, however; possibly they did not know any better. Another mite made cool headway with his fingers, until one of The Army helpers placed a knife and fork in his hands. Indeed, the awkwardness with which the young guests all round the Hall, handled their knives and forks, told its own tale. Never, probably, was a meal eaten with greater heartiness or finished in quicker time.

"Gee, this is a feed!" shouted one, as, with his mouth still full of turkey, he made a dive for the fruit. "Have some of this, May, it's great," exclaimed another, turning to the little girl at his side. Ceremony was conspicuous by its absence, and the noise

(Continued on page 11.)

The Week-End's Despatches.

There is Nothing that Can Make for the Good of Mankind Like a Free and Full Salvation.

READ THESE REPORTS AND NOTE ITS EFFECTS.

A MONTREAL WEDDING.

Brother Smith and Sister Edwards.

On December 2nd, we had the pleasure of witnessing another Army wedding at Point St. Charles, when Sister Edwards and Brother Smith were united in matrimony. Sister Becker, cousin of the Bride, was bridesmaid, and Mr. L. Edwards acted as best man. The Rev. Main performed the ceremony, and Staff-Captain McAmmond conducted the meeting. Adjutant Allan spoke a few words, and Brother McMillan sang. Being a newly married man himself, the latter was asked if he were happy, and his reply was in a line of the song, which went as follows: "I am the happy man."

We wish our comrades God speed and good blessing.—E. L. W.

SOUL-SAVING VICTORIES.

Salvation Veterans Weep For Joy.

The Winter Campaign is in full swing at Ottawa I. On Monday, one young man made his peace with God. On Friday, two brothers claimed the blessing of a clean heart, and on Sunday afternoon another young man made his way to the mercy seat, amid much rejoicing. Tears of joy rolled down the cheeks of Salvation veterans as they listened to the joyful testimony of this brother, for he had been much prayed for.

On Sunday night, two souls sought forgiveness.

A NEW YEAR'S MOTTO.

The Editor at Dovercourt.

The Watch-Night service at Dovercourt was conducted by the Editor, assisted by Adjutant White and Capt. Sparks, of Territorial Headquarters. A splendid crowd was present, and a very enjoyable and blessed meeting was experienced. The Editor spoke on the words, "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me," which he gave as a motto for the coming year. During the first few minutes of the year twelve saints and sinners came to the mercy seat for pardon and sanctification.

Captain Oake was at Kenora recently, and three backsliders returned to God on Sunday night. Our Watch-Night service went off finely. We had a prayer meeting first, and then a march. One sister gave herself to God, and a brother got sanctified. All the Christmas Crys have gone, and we could have done with many more. The Corps Cadets and comrades did very well indeed in selling them. (Fine.—Ed.—W. R. Jenkins.

Three brands were plucked from the burning, during the week ending December 29th, at Victoria. The meetings were led on by Adjutant Wakefield. One recruit was enrolled on Sunday. Brother Burden, from Montreal, has been welcomed.—D. D.

NINETEEN SOLDIERS ENROLLED.

Sixteen Souls Seek Pardon.

After a short stay of a few weeks, Shelburne has said good-bye to Capt. and Mrs. Ogilvie. Although they have laboured under special difficulties during their stay, they have rejoiced over many trophies of grace won for God in this new opening. Nineteen new Soldiers have been enrolled, and only this past week sixteen souls found pardon. We bespeak for Ensign Miller and Captain Snow a good time among as loyal a band of Soldiers as ever stood shoulder to shoulder in The Army's ranks.

FORTY LOCALS COMMISSIONED.

Brigadier Turner and Staff present.

Special meetings were held in the St. John I. Citadel last week-end, when Brigadier Turner, assisted by Major Phillips, and the Provincial Headquarters' Staff, commissioned about forty Local Officers for the coming year.

The day ended with two souls to the mercy seat. On Monday, a Christmas Tree Entertainment was given: Brigadier Turner presided, and gave a stirring address.

A fine programme, consisting of solos, recitations and selections by the Band, was given, followed by the distribution of gifts by Santa Claus from a prettily decorated Christmas Tree. The children received prizes from the Sunday school, and a large number of outside children present, were given candy and fruit in plenty.

On Sunday, Dec. 29th, four souls came to the Cross at Montreal V. The next day three young men came to Jesus in the meeting, and they have since testified to the power in the Blood. The watch-night service was crowned with eleven souls at the mercy seat, six for salvation and five for sanctification.

Still fighting on at Medicine Hat. Five more souls found deliverance during the past week. Our converts are doing well, turning up to every meeting during the week. The children had a grand time at Christmas, for which they are all thankful to Ensign Hall, who admirably arranged matters.—Rover.

During the past week-end God has been very near to us at Tilt Cove, and three souls have found the Saviour. On Sunday last Sister Mrs. Harding read the Word of God, with the result that one soul came to Jesus.—G. Thomas.

We are proving at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., that God, who is for us, is more than all that can be against us.

On Sunday last, a man who had stood round one of the open-air meetings came to the Hall and was converted at the penitent-form. May many more do likewise.—Margaret Murray.

OVERFLOWING SALVATIONISTS.

They Sing and Dance on New Year's Day.

On Sunday, December 29th, at St. John's I. Nfld., the Citadel fairly shook with the overflowing joy of salvation, expressed in so many ways by the crowds present. One soul came out for sanctification, and four at night for salvation. At the Watch-night service, led by Brigadier Turner, many hearts were bowed in humble submission to the will of God.

New Year's Day is hard to describe. Meetings all day were led by the Brigadier and Headquarters' Staff. Officer's and Soldier's Councils were held, and the singing of Ensign Ash roused us all. Mrs. Adjutant Carter spoke particularly on the merits of the Anti-Tobacco League. At night, a united meeting preceded by a torchlight procession, and a grand open-air. Eleven souls knelt at the Cross that night.

MEMORABLE WATCHNIGHT SERVICE.

Dinner on New Year's Day.

We had five converts sworn in as Soldiers at Belleville, at our Watch-night service. Five souls came out for sanctification. On New Year's Day we gave a dinner to over 150 poor children. The little ones had a good time, and each received a toy and a bag of candies.—Brother Thomas.

We have started the New Year well at Portage la Prairie. Our Hall was crowded for the Watchnight service, led by Brigadier Burditt and Captain Clement, who came by surprise. God came very near and blessed us, while we consecrated ourselves afresh to His service. We had a New Year's Tea for Soldiers and converts, followed by a lively Soldier's meeting.

Last night our hearts were rejoiced, to see two backsliders return to God.—Rebekah.

Captain Duncan gave a very interesting and convincing address on Sunday last at Moncton. A good crowd was present. Finances were also very good, and best of all, three souls found salvation. The following Sunday the Captain again spoke with great power, and two more souls were saved. The work in general is very much on the up grade.

We are glad to say God is still working in our midst at Wallaceburg. A few days ago we held our annual Christmas entertainment, which proved a real success. Although we are not in great numbers, nor have we a Band, yet we are "great believers," and are ready for the New Year's attacks.—Lieut. Crawford.

Vancouver I. is still making good progress, and our large Citadel is already inadequate to accommodate the tremendous crowds who come to our meetings. On Sunday last an overflow meeting was held in the Junior Hall, and three souls found pardon.—G. W. F.

Winnipeg III. was favoured with a visit from Commissioner Coombs recently, and his coming among us was the means of much blessing and help, although for such a short visit. Our new Officers have also arrived, and six souls were recorded this week.—W. C. C.

HAD FOUGHT IN PRIZE RING.

Now Promises to Fight for God.

Brigadier Harrave visited Peterboro for the week-end. Good crowds attended the meetings, and at the conclusion of a forcible talk upon building on right foundations, five souls knelt at the mercy seat, making a total of seven for the week-end.

On Sunday last seven souls came to the mercy seat, one of whom had fought in the prize ring. At the close all joined hands and sang together, "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee"—H. Blake.

REVIVAL COME TO STAY.

Souls Saved Each Week.

Charlottetown.—We are pleased to report that our revival has come to stay. Souls are being saved in goodly numbers every week. Our Christmas concert was a great success; everybody pleased; returns \$49. Adj. Sparks is down with a heavy cold today. Mrs. Sparks, Lieut. Smith and Capt. Crossman to the fore. Several comrades also ill, Nellie Badcock's condition being somewhat critical.—H.

GENEROUS CITIZENS.

They Help The Army to Do Good.

Never before were the townsfolk of Belleville more liberally inclined toward The Army than this past Christmas. The Band, the Corps Fund, and the Poor Relief Fund (to the extent of about \$50.00 each) have all benefited by the Band-boys' efforts.

On New Year's Day, 150 poor children were given a good meal, and afterwards entertained. We hope to report the organisation of a Songster Brigade very soon.—T. A. Burton, Ensign.

Farrsboro has had some good victories in connection with the Winter Campaign. The watch-night service was attended by about one hundred people, and resulted in a number consecrating themselves afresh to God. An enrollment took place, and the commencement of the New Year was celebrated by about forty on the march. We rejoiced the first night of the new year at seeing two souls come to the Saviour.—A Comrade.

God has of late visited us in a wonderful way at Halifax I., and souls are being saved in almost every meeting. Last Sunday morning a dear man knelt at the drum-head in the open-air, and found the Saviour. After a well-fought battle at night, two souls surrendered.—Jim, for the Officers.

On January 6th Mrs. Blanche Johnston, Praying League Secretary, visited Riverdale. Although not feeling up to the mark, her able lecture in the afternoon, and terribly convincing address at night were truly heroic efforts, and were blessed in the salvation of ten souls. During the morning service Captain Walker, who is leaving us for a few months, spoke for a short time. He is going to Quebec in the interests of the Finance Department at Headquarters.

The work is booming at Sarnia. We have had nineteen souls this past week, and in every meeting souls have been saved. Attendances are A1.—Correspondent.

SEVEN MUSICIANS.

They Visit Lisgar Street and Delight the People.

The Dovercourt String Band visited Lisgar Street Corps on Saturday, January 4th, and rendered a number of musical selections, and some excellent songs, and the audience showed their appreciation of the various items in an enthusiastic manner.

Brother Weir and the Connor Brothers were especially popular. The former sang several of his noted songs, one being entitled, "The Sorrows of Satan," in which, the singer informed his hearers that since he had turned to the Lord, and begun to live a new life, he was making the devil feel bad.

Adjutant and Mrs. Mercer, and Brother Walker, also took part, the latter singing a song, entitled, "The New Recruit." A Sister with a guitar, completed the noble seven, who form the String Band.

The Sunday meetings were excellent, and five souls knelt at the mercy seat.

ALL VOLUNTEERS.

Twenty-five New Year Consecrations.

The Watchnight service at Riverdale was conducted by Brigadier Potter, Financial Secretary. Adjutant McElheney, Captain McGorman, and other Officers were present, and a real good time was put in, during the few remaining minutes of 1907.

The service was held in the old Hall, which is now nearing completion, as far as enlargements are concerned. Eleven new Soldiers were enrolled under the flag, and after the New Year had entered, twenty-five souls lined the penitent-form, for special consecration—all volunteers. A splendid start.

Aylmer was favoured by a visit from Captain Matter on New Year's eve. His Watchnight service entitled, "Rhoda, or the Gypsy Girl's Mission of Love," was given, and everyone enjoyed it. The finances and attendance were the best yet in The Army's history in Aylmer. A nice crowd assembled for the watch-night service, which was also conducted by the Captain.—M. Cosby, Lieutenant.

Since the work has been opened up at Ensignheart God has richly blessed our efforts. We praise God for twenty-three souls that have professed conversion since then. We had Ensign Mender and Captain Thompson with us recently from Cobalt. A real good time was spent. God came very near, and three young men found salvation.—L. Duckworth, Captain; L. Lewis, Lieutenant.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Miller conducted the services at Brantford on a recent Sunday. They were assisted by Captain Simpson, of T. H. Q. Several souls sought salvation. Our Christmas War Cry was loaned at recent speed, and over 1,000 copies were disposed of. Bandman Gehling sold nearly four hundred.—W. H. Godden, for Adjt. and Mrs. Gillman.

God is blessing us at Gravenhurst. On Friday night two souls obtained a clean heart, and on Sunday, when The General's letter was read, our hearts yearned for more of the Spirit of God. We are going in for a revival.—J. S. Carter.

We are having great victories at Wataaskiwin. Twenty souls came forward during the Campaign for salvation and sanctification. Captain and Mrs. Lankin are leading us on.—F. F.

A GRATEFUL CONVERT.

Put Dollar in Collection.

At Sussex, on Saturday night, a very interesting lecture, entitled, "A Trip Through Chinatown," was given by Major Phillips, of St. John.

All day Sunday the Major conducted great salvation meetings, and the crowds were good. In the afternoon, an enrolment of three new Soldiers took place, and the Local Officers also received their commissions.

The String Band rendered some very nice music, and one man came forward for salvation at night. Before he left, he gave the Captain a dollar.

The meetings on Sunday last, at St. John's I. N. H., were interspersed with much singing and Christmas music, and at the close of the day seven souls came to the mercy seat.

Christmas night, the Juniors had their "go," and Ensign Mercer deserves great credit for his untiring energy on their behalf.—Cadet Abbott.

The Christmas season has brought many joys to those at Batwoodville, who were able to take part in any such enjoyment; but better still, seven souls were born again recently, and so spent a happy time with the smile of Christ upon them.—Hallelujah!—H.

The work of God is still going ahead at Fortune. On Sunday, Mrs. Adjutant Brown, of Grand Bank was with us, and her practical salvation talks made a profound impression on many hearts. A number of souls have been saved within the past few weeks and our faith is high for more.—L. H.

A BOUNTIFUL REPAST.

What was Done at Calgary.

A Calgary paper thus describes the doings of The Army in that City during the Christmas season:

"The large Barracks Hall was decorated in warm colours—The Army red predominating. There was British bunting and lots of holly. The tables were arranged to hold one hundred people at a time. Upon the opening of the doors, they were speedily filled with a hungry but happy lot. And the tables were a sight to make anyone not a dyspeptic, overjoyed. Turkey, roast beef, chicken, salads, vegetables, then pudding and coffee, nuts and raisins, and fruits—for all the world like a Canadian Pacific dining car. Sufficient time was allowed the first hundred to make a thorough meal. The tables were twice filled after this and for a fourth time an attack was made on them, the final onslaught being made by only half of a full attacking force, however. About 550 sat down in all.

But the good things were not exhausted, and the damntest Salvation people made another onslaught on the spectres of gloom and hunger, by sallying forth with boxes and baskets, to needy families. About one hundred meals were given in this way. In all, The Army gave 415 meals yesterday, and with some hampers which were handed in late, and which will be attended to today, about 512 will have received Christmas cheer through the noble, well-organised and energetic, tireless efforts of the Calgary Corps, of The Salvation Army.

There was also distributed with each meal, a copy of the handsomely printed, and brightly edited Christmas number of The War Cry."

The Commissioner's Meetings.

(Continued from page 9.)

of manners applicable to the dinner table, was honoured more in the breach than in the observance. "Here, fill it up!" was the not too polite request of one boy, who wanted another cup of tea, while here and there, there was a lively scramble for the most appetising cakes on the table.

Some ate not wisely but too well, but all enjoyed themselves, and when, supper over, Santa Claus made his appearance, laden with gifts of candy, the delight of the children knew no bounds. A kindly talk by the Commissioner and musical selections by the Band filled in the remainder of the afternoon.

As an indication of the manner in which the kindness of The Salvation Army appeals to the children a little girl left the table and approaching the Commissioner said, "This is for The Army," at the same time placing two cents in his hand.

AT GUELPH.

Moving Picture Service Delights Large Audience.

On his arrival at the Royal City, he was met at the Station by Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, his Officers and the Band, who played him a welcome. Under Bandmaster Rawdon, the band is making splendid advances.

The meeting was held in the City Hall, and although the visit was made between the holidays, the building was filled. This is the first occasion the "Bethlehem to Calvary Service" has been given in Guelph, and those who were present would gladly welcome its return, in fact, we doubt whether the commodious City Hall would be adequate to hold the people.

Lieut.-Colonel Sharp conducted the preliminaries, after which the T. H. Q. Male Quartette sang a selection suitable to the occasion. Then came the moving pictures, representing the Saviour's life, and tragic death on Calvary's Hill, interspersed with singing and music by T. H. Q. Orchestra, comprising Major Morris, Captains Coombs, Mardall, and Pugmire, which helped splendidly to make the service effective.

The Commissioner addressed the large audience with power, and urged an unconditional surrender to the claims of God. A subdued influence fell upon us, and Eternity will reveal the results of that memorable meeting.

Concerning this meeting, a local paper says:—

"Crowded to its very doors, was the City Hall last night, when Commissioner Coombs, aided by a staff of very clever Officers, from The Salvation Army Headquarters at Toronto, gave an entertainment, which far surpassed anything of its kind that has ever been enjoyed by a Guelph audience.

The life and work of Christ, from Bethlehem to Calvary, was beautifully portrayed, in the most realistic animated pictures and coloured slides that were works of art, while the entire programme was interspersed by appropriate sacred solos, duets and quartettes, rendered by artists of more than ordinary merit."

We were delighted to meet with an ex-convict, from one of our penal institutions, in full uniform, who has been saved through The Army's influ-

ence. He is fighting a good fight.

The Corps seems to be doing well, under Captain Bertha Thompson. We were pleased to meet with Soldiers of many year's service, standing true and faithful, also others who had recently come into the Corps.

The Commissioner was met at the station, and kindly entertained by the Mayor of the City, who has been re-elected for 1908, by acclamation. The Commissioner was off again before six in the morning, happy in the thought that his visit had been productive of good, and his D. O's. had been helped financially in the work of supervising the Division. God bless the Commissioner.—Lieut.-Col. Pugmire.

BRIGADIER HARGRAVE AT MONTREAL I. CITADEL.

A Wonderful and Effective Series of Meetings.

The last week-end meetings in the old year, at the Citadel, were conducted by Brigadier Hargrave, assisted by the Provincial Staff. Mrs. Hargrave was unable to be present, owing to having taken a severe cold, at the Children's Free Dinner. The week-end was especially marked by the presence of God, and together with the watchnight service, and the united meeting on New Year's Day, some twenty-two souls sought salvation and sanctification, (the majority being for salvation.)

Splendid crowds attended the series of meetings, and on Sunday night the Citadel was crowded, gallery and all, and a number of souls sought salvation.

The Watchnight Service.

The body of the Hall was comfortably filled for the watchnight service. In a very special sense, God came near, and six souls came out definitely for the needs of their soul. Mrs. Brigadier Hargrave was able to be present at this meeting.

On New Year's Day.

All the city Corps united at the Citadel on New Year's Day. The afternoon was a rouser. The Hallelujah Frenchman and the jolly Irishman got shouting happy, and Officers, Bandmen, and Soldiers, got trying to out-do David in a dance. Mrs. Major. Smeo, who dropped in as a welcome guest, must have felt that even Toronto, with its marvellous meetings of late, wouldn't hurt to rub shoulders with this "Salvation hilarity." God was in it too. Praise His name. Two souls at this meeting.

A Musical Festival.

A musical festival was given at night, by the three Brass Bands of the city, presided over by the Brigadier. The Bands surpassed themselves, and seven precious souls sought salvation at the close, (amongst them being two or three ex-convicts,) giving evidence that the music was of the right kind.—P. H. H.

During the past month at Halifax II., twenty-five souls have been brought to God. On Sunday night our Hall was packed, and five persons professed salvation. One Corps Cadet walked three miles in a snow storm, in order to be at knee-drill.—Worker.

A new Band has been formed at Hamilton II., and Ensign Meeks reports that the meetings are very much improved in consequence. The Band collected \$116.00 for its Christmas playing.

THE PRICE OF LUXURY.

Some Grim Facts Relating to the Deaths Caused by Modern Industries.

TIt is estimated that over half a million men, women, and children are killed and maimed each year, on this Continent, chiefly as the result of carelessness of greedy employers, absence of rails, or safeguards, or security appliances of one kind or another. Thus, more people are killed in one year of peace, than were slain and wounded throughout the terrible Russo-Japanese war; and no one seems to care very much. Law departments and human life are cheap—at least, cheaper than the cost of protecting the army of tollers from the whirling machinery of the Industrial Juggernaut.

What is the value of a human life? What, in dollars and cents, may be roughly figured as a man's worth to the community from which he derives support? The maximum of production and the minimum of expense—that is good business. But when this minimum of expense means the patching up of worn-out and unreliable machinery, the use of cheap material, the neglect to provide for human welfare, and the consequent and inevitable loss of life—whether or not this, in the long run, is good business, will be shown.

Death-Dealing Occupations.

There are two awfully dangerous occupations, in which, in spite of all safeguards, a man takes his life in his hand every time he goes to work, and in which the accompanying risk must be reckoned with, yet cannot always be guarded against. These are the manufacture of dynamite and gunpowder, and submarine tunnelling. In railroad, mining, and all other trades, dangerous though they be, the peril can be minimised, by proper precautions, to a greater extent than is possible in these two occupations. Dynamite is death-dealing from its making to its use. In a blasting plant men work eye to eye with death, with faces sober and drawn. Every moment death stares them in the face. No man ever becomes accustomed to the terror—the majority quit after a few weeks. High wages tempt them to enter, but not to stay. They lift things gingerly, and put them down with the utmost care; they seem afraid even to step briskly. No one ever whistles in a powder mill.

In submarine tunnelling, on an average, one man a day is killed. A cave-in of rock, or mud, or sand, engulfs the gang, or a blast of dynamite blows them to pieces, or they are overcome by the "bends," the terrible disease due to compressed air. Tolling fever, the three-hour shifts, under a tremendous air-pressure of three atmospheres, the "sand-hogs," deep down under the rivers, face a thousand dangers in order that the pressing problems of transportation may be solved.

The "bends" is not always fatal, but it catches a large number of the men and doubles them up like jack-knives. In the worst cases, it kills, with a horrible death.

Railroading and Mining.

Every man knows that railroading is dangerous work. Not everyone knows that it is fifty per cent. more dangerous than it need be. Yet, one-half of all railroad accidents are preventable; half of the thousands of lives of trainmen and passengers lost every year in blazing wrecks, crushed under overturned cars, or burned out in the steam of exploding boilers, might have been saved by carefulness and the use of proper appliances. If all cars were equipped with air-brakes, there would not be so many accidents. The use of the best safeguards to the men, however, would be the crushing of laws, limiting the number of hours of employment of railroad employees to eight, or at least allowing ten hours rest after service, before calling on them again. The engineer, exhausted, after a twenty-hours' run, and the overworked telegraph operators are responsible for more wrecks than the public realises.

Every other day we read of mine explosions; of miners buried alive and their bodies never recovered. In eighteen months, fire damp alone was responsible for 415 deaths, and many times that number of injuries. "In every one of these cases," says the Mine Worker's Journal, "the mine owners expressed deep regret over the sad affair, and laid the whole blame on careless and inexperienced miners." On the other hand, "if the mining laws were enforced and obeyed, there could not be an explosion," says a mine inspector.

Falls of coal and slate carry off most of the men that are killed in mines. The situation grows worse every year. Machines are used for undercutting coal and the roofs are neglected.

Peter Roberts, in his great book on



What Carelessness Means on a Railroad.—The Result of a Loose Switch and a Stray Car.

the coal industry, shows that the average age of the man who is killed in mining coal is only 32.13 years—he is struck down in the prime of life, at the period of greatest value to himself and to the industry. Worse than that, even should the men escape the fire-lamp and dynamite and cave-in, few reach the age of forty without having their industrial efficiency all but ruined. There is in store for them another danger—the dread disease of the coal regions, known as the "miners asthma," which is nothing less than tuberculosis, due to dust and poisonous gases. It has a sinister scientific name, also—"anthracosis."

Factory Accidents.

What is the fate of the workers in factories, foundries, and steel-mills? Here is illustrated most forcibly the criminal negligence of employers, in not taking measures to prevent accidents, as horrible as they are easily avoidable.

The most common type of factory accident is what the newspapers call being "caught in the machinery." Judged by a newspaper clipping record of 612 accidents, thirty per cent. of factory accidents are of this nature. A large proportion was preventable by nothing more than railings and gratings, to screen off the

moving parts of the machinery. Next most dreaded by men in factories, is being caught in the leather belting, or being struck with it when it snaps or comes off the shaft. Most of these accidents are avoidable by proper guards. Indeed to provide adequate protection from almost any high-speed piece of machinery is not a difficult task.

In other cases, high-speed revolving wheels burst, showering the men with as deadly a fire as if a shell from a hidden enemy exploded among them. Cages, such as are used largely in Germany offer almost perfect protection.

A Lingering Death.

Suaven and violent death is not the only death, nor in many cases the worst one, that a workman has to fear.

In the potteries and porcelain-works, hundreds die every year from consumption, contracted from the fine particles of dust that fill the air and parch the throats of the workers, until they are forced to the saloons to wash the clay out of their mouths. Almost all potters die sooner or later of a form of tuberculosis, that they

Promoted to Glory.

MRS. BELLIE, OF SEAL COVE.

Death has visited our ranks at Seal Cove, and taken from us Mrs. Bellie, a faithful Soldier of two years' standing. The funeral service was conducted by Ensign Blackmore, and many hearts were moved. Our departed comrade leaves a husband and one little girl to mourn their loss. God bless and comfort them.—E. Keepin.

SISTER MRS. BREGG, OF COLLINGWOOD.

We deeply regret to have to report the sudden death and promotion to Glory, of our comrade, Sister Mrs. Bregg, wife of Bandsman Bregg, of Collingwood. Although the call came very sudden, even as she was assisting her husband outside the house—we know our Sister is with the redeemed around the throne.

For twenty years she was a faithful Soldier. The funeral was conducted on Monday December 9th, and on the following Sunday, Captain and Mrs. Royle conducted the memorial service. Three backsliders returned to God. We are sure the bereaved husband has our sympathy and prayers, and trust God will sustain him in this hour of deep sorrow.—Sergeant-Major.

"UNCLE BILLIE," OF SHELburne.

It is with feelings of regret that we record the death of our esteemed friend, the late Wm. Swansburz, better known to all as "Uncle Billie," at Shelburne.

He was not only ripe in age, being 91 years old, but also in Christian experience. For years he had been an admirer of The Salvation Army, and had prayed earnestly that it might come to Shelburne. His prayer was answered—when last May, Captains Duncan and Deercort opened here—for which he never ceased to praise God, and as long as his strength would allow, was a regular attendant at the meetings.

He was truly a man of God, and, although he has gone to be with God, yet he has left an abiding influence behind him, which will tend to lead many to Christ.—Mrs. Captain Ogilvie.

BROTHER BUNGAY, OF SEAL COVE.

Death has again visited Seal Cove, and taken Brother Bungay from us. He was a good Soldier and never murmured during his sickness. He was quite ready for the summons home. His last words were that he would soon be safe in the arms of Jesus.

SISTER FORCEY, OF SEAL COVE.

On December 14th, the eldest daughter of Brother and Sister Forcey was called up higher. She had been converted only four months, and death was very unexpected. Just before she died, she sang, "Why the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there." May God bless and comfort the bereaved ones. The funeral took place on Sunday.—T. Loveless.

That Miraculous Face.

"That Face Which Lightens the Dark Vale."

Ah, what a miracle is the human face. All that is mystical or poetical in the universe, draws near to us only in that face. For multitudes, their life-journey is nearly all through a dark vale, and when the weary wayfarer hears in his dream a voice of early faith saying, "Seek thee My face," his heart replies, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek!" There can be no love nor prayer where there is no face. Never did heartfelt prayer ascend to the Unknowable. We ascribe faces to abstractions—Charity, Justice, Truth, Mercy—longing to give objective reality to qualities and sentiments we revere. But the source of prayer is deeper than reverence; it is love; and in the personified Beloved, is imaged every face—of child, parent, lover, friend—that ever smiled upon that kneeling spirit, to be shapely at last in that face which lightens the Dark Vale with devotion and tenderness.

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER

SWEDEN.

Commissioner Rees, in his weekly letter to the Foreign Secretary, thus refers to the late King of Sweden: "His Majesty was held in love and esteem by all ranks and conditions, and the national sorrow is great, indeed, it seems like a black pall hanging over the country. Everyone is in mourning. The Army is to be fully represented on Sunday afternoon at the lying in State at the Chapel, inside the Royal Palace. This is a splendid recognition of our Work, and will be a great cheer and encouragement to our dear people."

Our Officers are now busily engaged in the preliminaries associated with the Annual Christmas festivals, and distribution of clothing. Hundreds of poor children will, this year, be recipients: many of them being furnished with complete outfits. Our appeals for this special work have met with a generous response on the part of the public.

Excellent news is at hand with regard to the new Social Institution recently opened at Gothenburg. "Everything is going splendidly, and fulfilling our highest hopes and expectations," writes Commissioner Rees.

Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Hellberg are announced to conduct the early morning Christmas meeting at Stockholm III. This service is one of the most popular of the whole year. The Commissioner is also announced to take part in the great celebration of the 25th Anniversary, on Sunday afternoon, the 29th inst., in the Royal Circus, Djurgården. She is also visiting several of the more important centres, in the second week of January.

The launching of the Winter Campaign is fixed for the first week in the new year. A week's special holiness meetings will be followed by special efforts for backsliders, children, Young People, drunkards, Corps Cadets, etc.

FINLAND.

Lieutenant-Colonel Howard has returned to Headquarters from his Campaign in Lapland and Northern Ostrobothnia. The tour lasted nineteen days, during which time, four Corps in the most Northern latitudes were visited. The Colonel travelled 2,280 kilometres, and of which, at least 560, were negotiated in an open cart or sleigh, mostly the latter, as full Winter weather was experienced. The rivers were already frozen over, so that it was found possible to drive over the ice, instead of taking the ferry from time to time. Ten days were spent beyond the Arctic circle, where we have two Corps, namely, Rovaniemi and Kittilä, and at these places alone, the Colonel had the joy of seeing thirty-eight souls at the mercy seat.

It is nearly eighteen months since the Finnish T. C. previously visited Lapland, and he appears to have been greatly impressed with the improvement of the Work, and the greater hold of the people which The Army has gained in those wonderful regions. Two meetings were held each week-day, as well as the usual meetings on the Sundays, and the crowds at each were enormous, the Hall being packed each time. Some wonderful conversions were reported.

Lieut.-Colonel Howard expresses his belief that God is going to send a mighty revival wave all over Finland,



Sweden's New King and Queen; Their Majesties King Gustav IV. and Queen Louise.

The Crown Prince of Sweden succeeded his father, King Oscar, on December 8th, taking the title of Gustav V.. His Majesty is a distinguished student, and man of science, and a friend of The Salvation Army. The King married, in 1881, Louise, Princess of Baden.

and that the signs are already manifest in various parts of the country.

Colonel Brengle's campaign, just concluded, has been prolific of splendid results. During the entire campaign, nearly 1,600 came to the penitent-form in the Colonel's meetings.

Finland's Self-Denial Effort was a great success, the gratifying total of F. Mkas. 21,670 having been reached. This is a record!

AUSTRALIA.

Commissioner McKie's fiery meetings in Dr. Bevan's Church, Melbourne, on "Cup Day," attracted large congregations, and thirty-five souls were registered at the mercy seat.

INDIA.

Commissioner Fakir Singh and Dutin, recently visited Madras for the commissioning of Cadets. They were much gratified with the improvement manifested in all directions, since last they were in the city. Their Sunday morning meeting in the Victoria Hall, attracted the largest congregation of the kind we have ever seen in Madras. The commissioning, itself, created much interest, and rounds of applause and hearty laughter greeted Commissioner Fakir Singh's declaration that he would back The Army's College against all the others, for practical help to the Kingdom of Heaven. The audience was largely composed of young undergraduates.

On Sunday afternoon, the Commissioner conducted the Men's meeting at the Y. M. C. A. Hall. There was again a full house, students predominating.

At night there was only standing room for late comers. Commissioner Dutin spoke at this, as well as at the

preceding meetings, and at the close there was a fine row of penitents.

The next day the Commissioner spent in interviews, and left in the evening for Bombay.

Colonel Nuran, the Territorial Commander of South India, has been visiting the Thackalay District. Her meetings have been largely attended by all classes and conditions, and the penitent-form results have been encouraging.

The D. O. of Mavalloera, writes to Colonel Nuran: "You will be glad to know that the revival is still going on here. Last month, 138 souls were reported. At Kullumalai, 35 Hindoos got converted. Last Sunday I gave new names to them all. One man was a devil-dancer, and he is the headman of the village. At Korathean, 30 Hindoos got converted; one is the headman and another is a notorious thief, who has served several terms of imprisonment. At Narum we have 53 names enrolled, and at Porayaucaul 20 heathen families have been brought to God."

Brigadier Yesu Ratnam, reporting further from the South Indian Territory, says, "The fire is spreading. One of our young Cadets from the Men's Training Home, went on a visit to his home. During his absence he visited an adjoining village, and prayed and spoke to the people. Now a letter has been received by the D. O., urging him to accept them as Salvationists, and begging him to send Officers. The village has since been made an outpost to one of the Corps."

A large building has been secured in Lahore from the Civil and Military Corps. It is proposed to utilise a portion of the building as a S. A. Hotel, for the accommodation of men working in the Railway Department.

One of The Army's Day Schools in the Gurdaspur Division of the Punjab Territory, which was registered three years ago, has very successfully passed the Government examination, and earned the full grant. In this School, a few months ago, a special class for girls was started, and the grant has been considerably raised by the Government, consequent upon this.

GERMANY.

A poor drunken woman walked into one of our meetings in the City of Breslau, the other day, and was dealt with by an Officer. She came again, and at last made her way to the penitent-form, and really found salvation. She subsequently brought her husband, who was also a drunkard, and he, too, got saved. The very next day, strange to say, he was accidentally killed. Among the wreaths which were sent at the funeral, was one from our own people, and the poor woman, as a token of her gratitude to The Army, insisted upon this being put at the head of the coffin, which, in this part of the country, denotes the place of honour.

As last year, plans are now being formulated for the feeding of thousands of poor families in Berlin through The Army's agency. The Commissioner has already fixed upon the big Concordia Hall, where it is hoped to gather about 2,000 or 2,500 of the most needy of the city for a good dinner. Arrangements are also being made for a gathering of the poorest children.

FRANCE.

Colonel Fornachon recently conducted an enthusiastic meeting at Quorogon, Belgium, the scene of a real awakening consequent upon Lieut.-Colonel Cooke's late visit. The meeting was held in a special Hall, kindly lent free-of-charge, by the Y.M. C. A. Committee, and quite a number of penitents were registered at the close.

The T. C. and Mrs. Fornachon have since held successful meetings at Le Havre, with seven souls at the Cross.

DENMARK.

Mrs. Povlsen, and the members of the Mercy League, mainly consisting of the wives of Staff Officers engaged at Headquarters, have been conducting excellent meetings at Copenhagen. A Songster Brigade, under the direct leadership of Mrs. Povlsen, has been formed, and is doing splendid service. Fine congregations have been attracted to the meetings, and collections have been taken up specially with the view of clothing poor children at Christmas time.

Mrs. Colonel Povlsen has just dedicated The Army's first Junior Striking Band in Denmark. The inaugural meeting was held in the Temple, Copenhagen, and was a great success. The Band comprises a large proportion of Officer's children.

Colonel and Mrs. Povlsen have completed a tour in Sjælland-Lolland Division, where the former had the opportunity of visiting the Corps at which he commenced his career as an Officer, many years ago. He was assisted by Major Bojesen, who was his fellow C. O., at the self-same Corps, in the days of old.

Love us Jesus loved, and you will speak in tones as Jesus spoke.

The Fur Traders — An Extraordinary Coincidence.



"A Tall, Bearded Man Appeared, Holding a Rifle in His Hand."

CHAPTER I.—THE HUT BY THE FROZEN LAKE.

THE short December day was rapidly drawing to its close, as a dog-team, driven by a Cree Indian, swiftly approached a little log shanty on the

shores of Sandy Lake, in the Province of Saskatchewan. The Indian was urging his dogs forward over the frozen snow as fast as possible, for he was desirous of reaching the Narrows that evening, and many miles had yet to be traversed. When about one hundred paces from the hut, he whistled loudly, and was answered by a loud shout from within. A tall, bearded man now appeared in the doorway, holding a rifle in his hand.

"Here comes the mail, boys," he called out, addressing two other men who were sitting inside the hut. "I guess Joe's got something for us this time, and he's in a mighty hurry too—Ah!—would you?—Just keep those claws off me, now." This latter remark was addressed to a splendid specimen of a lynx, which was tied up outside the hut, and to which, he had incautiously ventured too near. A blow from the butt-end of a gun made the savage creature retreat snarling. By this time, the Indian letter carrier had reached the spot, and the three men eagerly received whatever letters and parcels he had for them.

"You'd better stay over night with us, Joe," they urged. "It will be dark before you get half way to the Narrows." The Indian was impatient of delay, however, and so he pushed on again, through the thick forest.

Let us now take a look at the primitive dwelling in which these hardy fur hunters were spending the Winter. It was built on the slope of a bluff, which protected it in some measure from the piercing winds that blew from the North, and consisted of a few logs piled one on another, to a height of about six feet. Across an opening in the centre, was nailed an old blanket, with a stone attached to the bottom to keep it from blowing about.

The interior arrangements were in keeping with the rest of things, in one corner of the hut was a primitive fireplace, made of stones and clay, with a mud chimney for the smoke to ascend through. An old floor sack did duty for a window pane, while blocks of wood served admirably for chairs, and two raised planks made an excel-

lent table. Heaps of moss and brushwood all around the sides of the hut, were the only beds that were to be seen, but on the whole, it was not a very uncomfortable home for men who were well used to "roughing it."

We must now introduce our readers to the men themselves. Jim Beckett, was the name of the burly individual who got into trouble with the lynx. He was an Ontario man, and had come out West on the lookout for any sort of adventure that promised dollars as a reward. Meeting with two others on the same lay—Jack Dallas and Arthur Elliott—the three had agreed to spend a Winter in the frozen wilderness, hunting for pelts. Armed with a rifle, revolver, and bowie knife apiece, and supplying themselves with seven thousand rounds of ammunition, a horse and wagon, and six month's provisions, they set out on their journey eagerly, in the Fall of the year. By the time they reached Red Deer Lake, they had secured enough fur to pay them for their original outlay, and here they decided to send back the team to Prince Albert, and push on up country by means of boats and dog-teams which they hired off the Indians. Lynx, fox, martens, ermine and deer, all fell victims to their traps and guns, and they became expert hunters of these animals long before the cold weather closed in upon them. They decided to winter at Sandy Lake, and so here we find them, on this December evening, sitting on their mossy couches, and reading the news from the outside world, by the aid of light from a greasy cloth, which burnt, smoked, and stunk abominably, in a dish on the plank table.

CHAPTER II.—A CHRISTMAS DINNER AND PRESENT.

"Do you know it's Christmas Eve to-night, boys?" said Jim, as he finished reading his letter.

"We ought to keep up the day to-morrow somehow," said Arthur. What shall we have for dinner?"

"I've got my net in the lake," said Jim, and I'll see what sort of fish are in it to-morrow morning. While I'm pulling it in, you, Arthur, can bake some extra fine bannocks, and perhaps Jack can get a shot at a moose." "Don't talk to me about Christmas dinners," said Jack, who seemed in a despondent mood that night. "What's Christmas to me, anyhow?—all I ever remember about it, is that I used to get more whisky down my throat on that day than any other. I've come

up here to keep clear of temptation, as you know, and I don't want to celebrate your Christmas."

"Oh, don't fear," said Jim; "fire water won't figure on the menu at all to-morrow; if anyone gets thirsty they can melt some snow, or have a drink of fish-oil."

"Cheer up, Jack, old chap, and tell us one of your usual yarns before we all go to sleep," said Arthur.

"Yes, a good thrilling ghost story that will make our hair stand on end," said Jim.

At that moment a most mournful groan was heard just outside the hut. The three men started up and seized their guns.

"What is it?" whispered Jim, in awe-struck tones.

"Peep out and see for yourself," said Arthur.

Jim cautiously lifted one end of the blanket and looked out, then rapidly bringing his rifle to his shoulder, he fired two shots in quick succession.

"Our Christmas dinner is secure," he said, "I've just shot the biggest moose I've ever seen." After spending some time in securing their prize, and placing it beyond the reach of bears and wolves, they settled down once more to hear Jack's story.

It proved to be a most interesting one, and just at the most harrowing point, Jim happened to look up, and caught an eye glaring at him through a hole in the roof. "Jump for your guns, boys," he called, and bang! went two more shots.

"What did you see?" asked the others, in alarm.

"Somebody was looking at us through that hole," said Jim; "maybe it's an Indian, let's go and look around outside." They all proceeded to hunt for the disturber of the peace, therefore, but discovered no trace of either man or animal. Finally they returned to their couches and endeavored to rest.

"Tuh! what's that?" shrieked Arthur suddenly, as he felt something drop on him from the roof, and then scamper over his prostrate body.

"I see it!—there it is," said Jack, as he aimed a blow at a little animal which was frisking about the hut. "Why it's an ermine," said Jim; "chase it out and let it go, it's Christmas to-morrow, and I feel friendly to all things."

But for the occasional hoot-toot of an owl, the rest of the night passed quietly, and early next morning Jim was out on the lake attending to his nets, while Jack prepared the moose and Arthur baked bannocks. The

latter, it may be explained, are little cakes made of flour and snow, and cooked over a fire.

After cutting away the ice that had formed in the fishing hole during the night, Jim started to pull in his net. He used both hands for this purpose, and as mesh after mesh appeared with its burden of fish, Jim caught them in his teeth and threw them to one side on the ice. There was a low bank of snow all round him to break the force of the wind, as it swept in piercing blasts across the lake, and this prevented him from seeing an approaching danger. Swiftly coming towards him was a hungry pack of huge timber wolves, about fifty in number. They had probably scented the dead moose, and thought a feast was awaiting them. The first intimation Jim had of the proximity of these fierce animals was when he happened to look up from his work for a moment, and saw a wolf glaring at him, not more than ten yards away. Quick as a flash he seized his gun, and shot it through the heart. Having drawn blood, he knew it was now a fight to the finish, and so he poured six more shots into the yelling pack. His rifle held nine cartridges, and he stopped to re-load before expending the other two. By this time, Jack and Arthur had arrived on the scene, startled by the shots, and they now started firing from the bluff. The bullets whistled over Jim's head, and every one found its mark, so that very soon twenty-eight large wolves, each weighing about two hundred pounds, lay dead on the ice. The rest of the pack now drew off, and trotted away for some distance across the lake, where they sat on their haunches and kept up a dismal howling.

After their morning adventure, the trappers were ready to sit down and enjoy a hearty Christmas dinner. They spent the afternoon in skinning the dead wolves, and at night reckoned up what the value of so many skins would be, and concluded that they had received quite a nice little Christmas box after all.

CHAPTER III.—A MUTUAL SURPRISE.

When the Spring came, the trappers returned to Prince Albert, where they sold their spoils, and realised the nice little sum of \$1,000. They then separated, and Jack shortly afterwards married and settled down to a sober and steady life. Arthur went further West, and Jim started work as a contractor, with a man

he met, named Joe Briggs. They made a great deal of money, but spent the greater part in drink, and Jim was fast becoming a whisky-soak. Having a job to do at Saskatoon, they both went down there, and put up at an hotel. It was an eventful move for both of them, though they little thought so at the time.

As they were going down the main street one night, both half drunk, they were attracted by seeing four people standing on a corner and singing.

"What's that lot, Joe?" said Jim.

"Why, they're Salvation Army," said Joe; "they listen to them."

"Not me," said Jim, "wouldn't be seen in such company as that, not respectable enough, let's go round the corner."

So they staggered up a side street and leaned against the wall, where they listened to all that was said.

"What's she saying now?" said Jim. "Is it all over?"

"Sh! listen!" said the other, as a clear, girlish voice rang out on the night air.

"Friends, we give you all a hearty invitation to our meeting, and if we don't do you any good, you may be sure we won't do you harm."

"I've hear that, Joe"—won't do us any harm, eh? let's go," said Jim.

"Alright," replied Joe, "but we'll have a drink first."

After they had again quenched their thirst, therefore, they went to the tent where The Army meetings were being held, and sat in one of the back seats. They were both spoken to about their souls, and as they left, the Lieutenant shook hands with them, and urged them to think about what had been said that night.

As a matter of fact, both of them had been doing some pretty hard thinking that evening, but neither wanted the other to suspect his real feelings. They walked up and down the street after the meeting, until 11:30 p. m., and as they parted, Joe said to him, "Good night!"

"Well, Jim, I suppose next time I see you, it will be in a Salvation Army ring, giving your testimony!"

"I could be in a worse place," philosophically answered Jim. The next day Joe went away from the town, and Jim heard no more of him for several weeks, and then both were mutually surprised.

One evening Joe returned to Saskatoon, and as his train pulled up at the Depot, The Army was starting its open-air meeting on the main street. Joe walked down their stand, and there he saw something which made him rub his eyes in astonishment. His words had come true, then, after all—there was his old pal, Jim, standing in the ring, with a red garb on and beating the drum. Now he was going to speak. Joe pressed forward, and caught the woman, and entering the ring, he clasped his hand. "God bless you, Jim," he said. "I told you you'd join 'em; thank God I've done the same. I gave my heart to God some weeks ago, down in Prince Albert."

Both friends rejoiced at such a happy meeting, and a long talk afterwards about what they should do with their lives. They finally decided to consecrate themselves fully to the Lord, and offer their services to The Salvation Army. They carried out this decision, were accepted, and are both useful and happy Officers to boot, and their names to bless and help their fellow-men and glorify Jesus Christ.

Fresh Eggs.

How To Tell Them.

Collecting deposits tests the freshness of eggs by "candling"—holding up before a light, the egg to be tested. The housewife may "candle" eggs by cutting a hole the size of an egg in a piece of cardboard, and holding the cardboard before the lamp in her left hand and the egg in her right.

An egg, when no more than three days old and properly kept, is transparent. As it gets older, the yolk gets to one side—because the egg is lying in one position—and the white of the egg in a "new-laid" egg the air-space will not be much larger than a shirt button. (In an egg fresh from the nest, there would be no air-space at all.) A week-old egg possesses ordinarily, a space about the size of a one cent piece. When the air-space is nearly the size of a penny, the egg may be anything from a fortnight to a month old.

An Unparalleled Success.

THIS IS WHAT HAS BEEN SAID OF OUR 1907 CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Staff-Captain Goodwin, of Peterboro, Wins That Ten Dollar Bill.



BOTH the Editor and the Publisher how their acknowledgements to the comrades and friends, for their appreciative reception of this Special Issue, and are encouraged to essay a better flight next year. Thank you!

The Shackstore Story Competition has created enormous interest, nearly 12,000 votes having been received in favour of those whose story was considered the best. In many cases the stories have been most carefully considered, and the votes most impartially bestowed. Here is a sample:—

"Dear Sir and Brother.—The Canadian Christmas Cry to hand—I have read it with more than pleasant interest. I am interested in its variety and profusion. Not only is it a work of art, but also an achievement in periodicalism. I presume, that as a subscriber, I am privileged to the ten votes on the list of Testimonials, entitled 'Shack Store Stories,' and have selected the following:—

Three votes to Staff-Capt. Goodwin's story. Short, pithy—a good point—able to keep a secret—a double conversion—and a boost for the trade.

Three votes to Ensign Sheard, for tact and courage—Officer-like procedure—prompt to opportunity—a noble example—a story worth telling oftentimes.

Two votes to Lieutenant Boyd for his twenty minutes' jail work—the conversion following—as prestige for The Army as result.

Two votes to Staff-Capt. Creighton, for sticking to Joe the Bartender—giving him a second chance, and proof of a final conversion. Ten votes in all."

We have received lists of votes—gritty and greasy—showing how the horny-handed sons of toil, in the shop and shipyards have voted for their favorite—God bless them. There is no doubt about the Shackstore Stories have been read, and in some cases, the voters have been confronted with a stiff problem. Here is a frank confession from a Presbyterian Pastor:—

"Dear Sir—I am a regular reader—student would be better—of your War Cry. In connection with your competition, 'Shack Store Stories,' you present me with a hard problem in picking the best; but it lies between Adjutant Gilliam and Lieutenant Boyd, in my opinion. I give my votes to the former, not because I can honestly divide between the two incidents without an uncomfortable feeling of having made a mistake. Boyd, the personal equation figures; I know Adjutant Gilliam, and he has led me to know more of Jesus. They are both good stories, but the good story and Adjutant Gilliam's personality decides me.

God bless The Army. Amen and amen."

Up to the time of going to press, the votes have been received in increasing quantities, but we have had to apply the closure, and on Tuesday, January 7th, the last count was made, when the figures stood as follows:—

| | |
|-----------------------|-------|
| Staff-Captain Goodwin | 4,456 |
| Adjutant Sims | 3,367 |
| Ensign Sheard | 1,390 |
| Adjutant McCann | 887 |
| Adjutant Gilliam | 587 |
| Staff-Capt. Creighton | 343 |
| Lieut. Boyd | 300 |
| Adjutant White | 66 |
| Adjutant Thompson | 48 |
| Major Morris | 11 |



Staff-Captain Goodwin, Whose Shack Store Story Won the Ten Dollars.

In accordance with the terms of the competition, we have sent our congratulations and a ten dollar bill to Staff-Capt. Goodwin, of Peterborough.

We have received a very large number of letters of appreciation from which we make a selection. We feel sure they will be of interest to our Salvation Comrades.

"Dear Sir,—I recollect last year I congratulated you on the beauty of the Christmas number of the War Cry. After having read almost every paper since it first came out, I thought then that you had reached the climax. But I am not sorry now for to acknowledge that I was mistaken, and that the present Christmas Number, for ornamentation, artistic skill and solid helpful reading matter, stands unique. And it cannot help but be a great spiritual uplift to all who read it. Also, to infuse fresh courage into despondent Christian workers, to go forward with greater faith, trusting alone in God for their services.—E. H. Higgins.

"To the Editor of the War Cry, Sir,—I wish to congratulate you on the Christmas Number. I may say, in my twelve years as a Salvationist, I can say this Christmas Number strikes me as being the best yet. God bless the Editor—Captain H. W. Shire.

"Dear Brigadier.—Just a line in reference to the Christmas War Cry. I wish to say that I am well pleased with it, and I might also say this is the general impression of my customers. I experienced no difficulty in selling the War Cry; people were glad to get it, and were well satisfied with it.

I think the alteration made, as regards the supplement, will prove a success. It is a great improvement on previous numbers; making the War Cry easier to sell, and also much easier to handle.—Captain D. Hale."

"My Dear Brigadier.—With reference to the Christmas Cry. So far as I have been able to gather from Officers and Soldiers, as well as outsiders, the Cry has given entire satisfaction.—Brigadier C. Burditt."

Dear Commissioner,—I have made enquiries at the different places I have visited, respecting the Christmas Cry, also sought information from the D. O.'s, and I have not heard of any Corps that has not been able to sell out. So far, no complaints have come to the D. O.'s, or to this office.

I feel it is a good idea to get the Cry out earlier. For my part, I think the Cry up-to-date, and have enjoyed reading it very much.—Lieut.-Colonel John D. Sharp."

"The Christmas War Cry is gone. It has been a pleasure selling them this year. Two hundred is the most that have been sold here for a long time. We have disposed of nearly eight hundred this year. The double supplement fastened in the paper, is a great improvement. Please continue it next year.—Captain Gibbons and Lieutenant Plumtree, Oronville."

For God and Humanity.

(Continued from page 4.)

different expression on his face, to testify to the fact that God had saved him. That was thirteen years ago, and he is still faithful to God, and has prospered in a material sense as well.

Another striking conversion, was that of a different type of man altogether. It stands out in vivid contrast to the other, and shows clearly, that education, social advantages, and even religion, cannot satisfy the human soul, unless there be first of all, a genuine knowledge of God.

At Vancouver, lived a young Frenchman. He was a Catholic, and well brought up in all the traditions of his race and religion. He was also splendidly educated. With every advantage on his side, however, he was unhappy, and dissatisfied, and felt that there was nothing worth living for. He had almost made up his mind to go down to the wharf and jump into the water, but the thought of the disgrace it would bring upon his parents and dear ones at home, restrained him. Previous to this, he detected The Salvation Army, and would pass to the other side of the street if he saw them coming.

To France.

One Sunday morning the Corps held an open-air in front of the hotel where he was staying. He was gloomy and despondent, but the sound of the bright and happy singing brought a ray of hope to him. He listened to the service right through, and started attending the indoor meetings. For a week he was present every night, and then, in all his darkness and despair, he fell down at the penitential form and claimed pardon for his sins. His conversion was very clear and beautiful, and soon afterwards he returned to France, to tell his people that Jesus saves.

The Staff-Captain has many touching stories to tell of death bed scenes, when she has been enabled to carry comfort to sufferers in their last hours. One of them relates to the restoration of a backslider, and the incident happened in Nanaimo.

A woman lay dying, and The Army Officers were sent for. The doctor entered whilst they sat by her bedside, and said gravely, "Don't leave her girls, do what you can for her, she hasn't long to live." The Officers talked to her of God's love for the backslider, prayed with her, and then sang, "I do believe, I will believe, that Jesus died for me." She tried to join in with her beautiful alto voice, that had been used so much for the glory of God in the happy days of her Army service. As she sang, the heart came, and soon afterwards she passed peacefully away.

A Good Influence.

The Staff-Captain has also been instrumental in leading many young men and women to devote their lives to God's service, as Officers of The Army, and they are now fighting bravely at the front of the battle.

The Staff-Captain is a thorough believer in visitation. She visits her Soldiers regularly, and prays with them in their homes, and as far as possible, she goes to see the people who compose her congregations.

Those who have got out of touch with The Army, she hunts up, and endeavours to arouse their interest once again. She also delights in systematic house-to-house visitation, for she feels she can never do much in any town, until she gets to thorough

ly know the people she lives amongst. Then she endeavours to make her meetings as interesting as possible, so that when people come once, they will want to come again. The finish is generally a good rousing prayer meeting.

Visitation The Thing.

Possessed of a clear, strong voice, the Staff-Captain can generally make herself heard by all the people in her meetings without much exertion. Her disposition is to lead rather than drive. If any of her people are in trouble, she sympathises with them, if any are in difficulty and doubt, she tries to help them out; if they get wrong spiritually, no amount of trouble is too much for her, if she can only succeed in restoring them. Whilst keeping her place as an Officer and Leader, she thus makes her Soldiers feel that she is one with them, and that they are free to come to her for help or advice at any time.

To do work like this, demands men and women who will seek the wisdom that is from above, and who will claim the fulness of love from God, which can alone fit them for successfully dealing with the souls of their fellows.

Will you seek this wisdom, will you claim this love, and then go forth to labour for the salvation of souls?

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; and, as far as possible, give wanted women and children, or anyone a difficulty. Address Commissioner T. & B. Coombs, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and Enquire on the envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. One reproduction of a photo is desired to be furnished with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars in specie, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First Insertion.)

6989. GYSEEMAN, WILLIAM. Came to Canada in the Fall of 1906; supposed to be out West; last Post Office address, Winnipeg. If he will communicate with above office, he will hear something to his advantage.

6192. CLARK, P. (alias DONALD.) age 23; height 5 ft. 5 in.; black hair, dark brown eyes, dark complexion; missing since May, 1907; last known address, London, Ont. N. S. was then working in the mines.

630. HARRIS, EDWIN L., and ALFRED; ages 20 and 22; Edwin, height 5 ft. 9 in., fair hair, fair complexion; Alfred's last known address, Kemptville, Ont. They were sent out to this country as boys, by Dr. Barnardo Home; mother anxious for news.

6302. KEARLY, WILLIAM SERGEANT; age 49; height 6 ft.; fair complexion; last known address, St. Helen's Island, Montreal; Niece very anxious for news.

6306. TAYLOR, PETER; age 18; height 5 ft. 7 in.; dark brown hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; fitter by trade; missing since October 4, 1907; last known address, Queen Street, Toronto. May be in Ottawa.

6312. HIRST, WILLIAM MANSFIELD. Age 39; height 5 ft. 8 in.; brown hair, blue eyes; left his home eight years ago; Wapoose, Ont.; his father and sisters are very anxious to hear from him.

6314. JORDAN, ARTHUR; age 18; tall; fair hair and complexion; last heard of in Brantford, Ont. News wanted.

6317. PURVES, J. and F.; came to Canada in 1899; last heard of in 1902; was then in Washington, U.S.A.; ages 30 and 27 years respectively; news wanted.

BIGGS, WILLIAM AGOS; came to Canada in August 1906; last known address, Regina; age 30; height 5 ft. 5 in.; fair hair; blue eyes; ruddy complexion.

6321. LEWIS, WILLIAM HENRY; age 56; dark hair; blue eyes; came to Canada in November, 1907; when last heard of, was anticipating undergoing an operation. News wanted.

THE COMMISSIONER,

Accompanied by COLONEL SOWTON, Chief Secretary,
WILL VISIT

OTTAWA, on Sunday, January 19th.

and will conduct a great Holiness Meeting in the Citadel at 11 a.m., and at 3 p.m. will lecture at the Russell Theatre on "The Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow of The Salvation Army." Chair to be taken by Robert Stewart, Esq., M.P.

At 7 p.m., in the Russell Theatre, the Superb Spectacular Service, "From Bethlehem to Calvary."

On Saturday Night, (Jan. 18), The Chief Secretary will conduct a Special Meeting in the Citadel.

Lieut.-Colonels Pugmire and Howell, Major Morris and other Officers will also accompany the Commissioner.

THE COMMISSIONER

will visit

PETERBORO, Sunday, Jan. 26th.

11 a.m., Holiness Meeting in the Citadel 3 p.m., Lecture, "The Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow of The Salvation Army," in the Opera House. 7 p.m., "From Bethlehem to Calvary," in the Opera House.

KINGSTON, Monday, Jan. 27th.

"From Bethlehem to Calvary," in the Citadel, at 8 p.m.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire will accompany.

Songs for All Meetings.

Holiness.

Lord, I Make a Full Surrender.—219.

1 Lord, I make a full surrender,
All I have I yield to Thee;
For Thy love so great and tender,
Asks the gift of me.
Lord I bring my whole affection,
Claim it, take it for Thy own;
Safely kept by Thy protection,
Fixed on Thee alone.

Chorus.

Glory, glory hallelujah!
I have given my all to God;
And I now have salvation,
Through the precious Blood.

Lord, my will I here present Thee,
Gladly now, no longer mine;
Let no evil thing prevent me,
Blending it with Thine.
Lord, my life I lay before me,
Hear this hour the sacred vow;
All Thy own I now restore Thee,
Thine forever now.

Blessed spirit Thou hast brought me,
Thus my will to Thee to give;
For the Blood of Christ has bought me,
And by faith I live.

Show Thyself, oh, God of power,
My unchanging loving friend;
Keep me, till in death's glad hour,
Faith in sight shall end.

Hallelujah to the Lamb.—34.

2 Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

Chorus.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who died on
Mount Calvary,
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Amen!

Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust;
Jewels to Thee are: gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

Thy grace still dwells within my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest part of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honour of Thy Name,
With my last labouring breath;
Then speechless, clasp Thee in my
The Conqueror of death.

War and Experience.

Tune.—Happy Song, 235; Song Book,
No. 586.

3 We are marching on with shield
and banner bright,
We will work for God and battle
for the right;
We will praise His name, rejoicing in
His might,
And we'll work till Jesus calls.

Chorus.

Then awake, then awake,

In the open-air our Army we prepare,
As we rally round our blessed stand-
ard there;
And the Saviour's Cross we gladly
learn to bear,
While we work till Jesus calls.

We are marching on and pressing to-
ward the prize,
To a glorious crown beyond the glow-
ing skies;
To the radiant fields where pleasure
never dies,
And we'll work till Jesus calls.

Tunes.—Christ for me, 121; Behold,
behold the Lamb! 122; Song
Book, No. 225.

4 Come, let us all unite to sing,
God is love.
Let Heaven and earth their praises
bring;
God is love,
Let every soul from sin awake,
Each in his heart sweet music make;
And sing with us, for Jesus' sake—
God is love.

Oh, tell to earth's remotest bound,
In Christ we have redemption found!
His blood has washed our sins away,
His Spirit turned our night to day;
And now we can rejoice to say—
God is love.

How happy is our portion here,
His promises our spirits cheer;
He is our Sun and Shield by day,
Our Help, our Hope, our Strength and
He will be with us all the way,
God is love.

Salvation.

Tune.—Mothers of Salem, 252; Song
Book, No. 97.

5 Oh, come, come away,
Ye sinners are invited;
A feast to share, so now prepare;
Oh, come, come away!
No longer do excuses make,
But every sinful way forsake;
And of the Heavenly feast partake
Oh, come, come away!

Oh, come, come away,
Forsake your old companions;
They tread the path that leads to
wrath,
Oh, come, come away!
Bid sin and friends of sin farewell,
No longer run with them to hell;
But haste with saints to dwell.
Oh, come, come away!

Oh, come, come away,
And haste to yonder mountain;
There mercy rolls for guilty souls;
Oh, come, come away!
The fountain still is open wide,
It gushes from the Saviour's side;
Come, plunge beneath the tide,
Oh, come, come away!

Tunes.—Innocents, 83; Nottingham,
85; Song Book, No. 114.

6 Time is earnest, passing by,
Death is earnest, drawing nigh;
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be,
Time and death appeal to thee,
Heaven is earnest, solemnly
Float its Voices down to thee;
O, thou mortal, art thou gay,
Sporting through thine earthly
day?

Hell is earnest, fiercely roll,
Burning billows near thy soul;
Woe for thee, if thou abide,
Unredeemed, unsanctified.

Winter Campaign Specials.

COLONEL SOWTON, Assisted by a
Number of the Headquarters
Staff.

Grand Opera House, Sunday, Jan-
uary 26th.

LIEUT.-COL. AND MRS. GASKIN.

Grand Opera House, Sunday, Jan-
uary 19th.

Riverdale, Sunday, January 26th.

BRIGADIER POTTER.

Yorkville, Sunday, January 19th.

BRIGADIER COLLIEH.

Peterborough, Saturday and Sunday,
January 18th and 19.

MAJOR SIMCO.

Yorkville, Sunday, January 26th.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Matier, Western Province.
Dresden, January 18-20; Wallace-
burg, January 21, 22; Sarina, January
23, 24.

Ensign Edwards, Western Province.
Bowmanville, Jan. 16, 17; Owenso,
Jan. 18, 19; Lindsay, Jan. 20, 21; Kin-
mount, Jan. 22-24.

WANTED!

Consecrated women, to offer them-
selves for Nursing, Rescue, and Mater-
nity Work. Great advances are con-
templated in this branch of our opera-
tions, including nursing among the
poor, and in the homes of the people,
besides other developments of this
important work. Apply to:

MRS. COMMISSIONER COOMBS,
20 Albert Street, Toronto.